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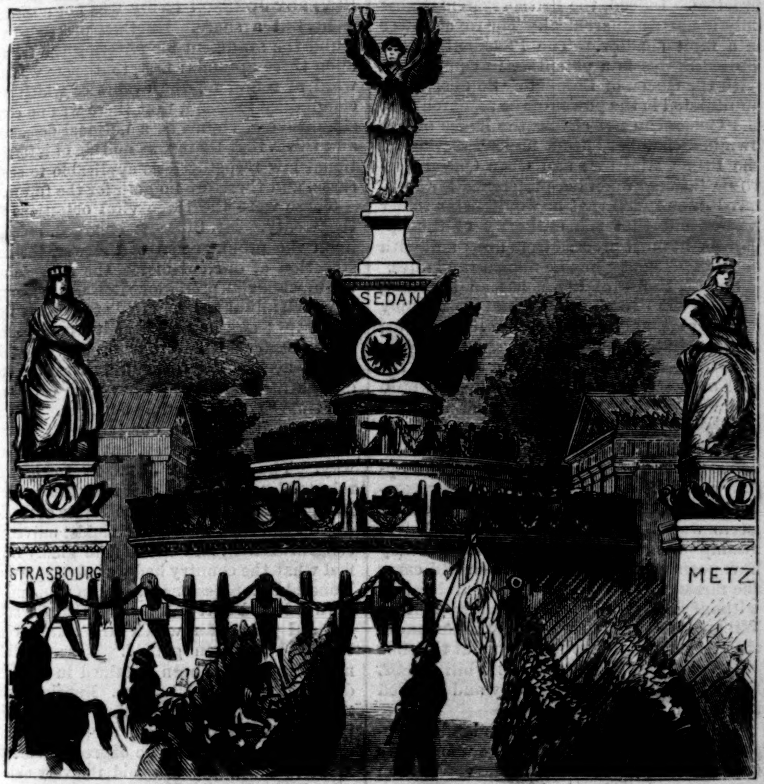
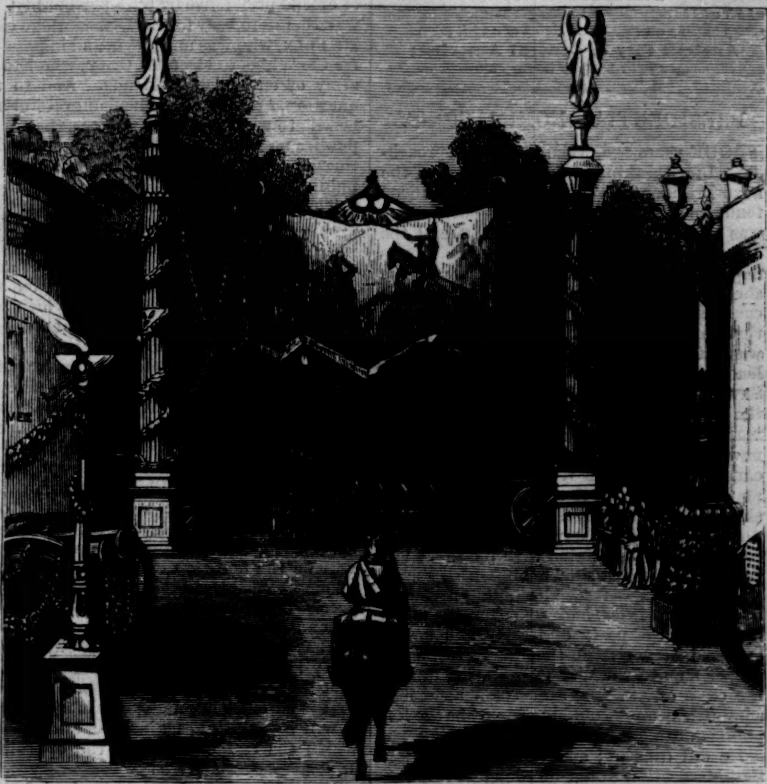
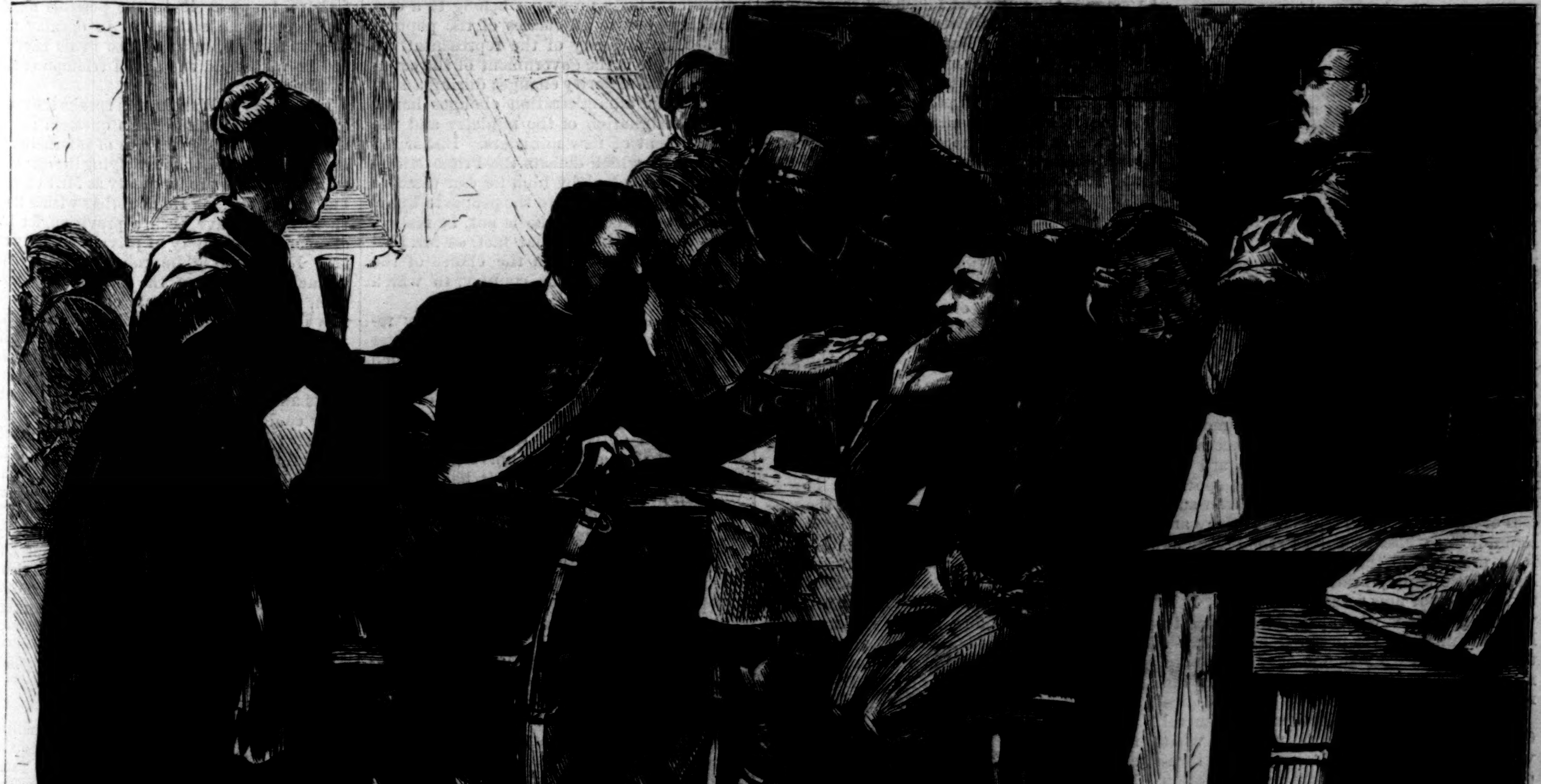


THE STATUES OF VICTORY, METZ, AND STRASBURG IN THE POTZDAMER PLATZ.



THE DECORATIONS IN UNTER DEN LINDEN.



THE RETURNED SOLDIER TELLING THE STORY OF THE GRAND CAMPAIGN.

THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN.—[See Page 672.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, July 22, 1871.

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YACHTING—1872,

which will be especially interesting to nautically inclined young ladies; an illustrated sketch of a visit to an

Ancient City of Central America;

and the usual select variety of literary attractions.

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

Four years ago, when the time approached for thinking of the nomination of the next President, there were two pronounced tendencies in the Republican party: one was to select Chief Justice Chase, and the other to prefer General Grant. As late as September of the year 1867 many of the shrewdest Republican politicians were very confident that Mr. Chase would be, as they thought he ought to be, the candidate. He was the most conspicuous of the Republican leaders. He had stood erect while even Mr. Seward seemed to falter and fail. He was the father of the war currency system. His name was a tradition in the party, and the new Southern vote would insist upon his candidacy. To this it was answered that at the triumphant close of a war in which slavery had been destroyed and the Union unconditionally preserved the soldier most conspicuously associated with the great victory, and who had shown himself so simple and so modest—who, although previously averse to politics, had so naturally allied himself to the party of liberty and union, and had been felt by that party to be the proper man in the War Department during the close of Andrew Johnson's menacing administration—would inevitably be the Republican candidate if he would consent.

He did consent; and it was at once felt that his election would be the most emphatic declaration of the national resolution to maintain what had been achieved. It would be symbolic of national unity and of equal liberty among American citizens. The war had closed an epoch. Here was a new country, a new time, and a new man. General Grant was unanimously nominated by a most representative convention, and he was elected over Mr. Seymour, who stood upon the platform of the lost cause. The policy of which General Grant was the representative has been carried out. The national unity has been restored, and the equal rights of all citizens have been maintained. We do not mean, of course, that order and safety have been in every instance secured, but that the purpose and the power of the administration have been honorably directed to their security. The next nomination is now the subject of thought and speculation, and there is grave opposition upon the part of many intelligent Republicans to the candidacy of the President.

In considering the subject we assume that they are sincerely desirous of the success of the party, and that they would regard the restoration of the Democratic party to power as a more serious evil than Republican success even with General Grant. If there are Republicans whose hostility to the President is so pronounced that they would prefer a Democratic triumph rather than his re-election, we do not now reason with them. It is with Republicans who, although opposed to his renomination, yet prefer General Grant to a Democratic President that we would now confer upon the probabilities of the nomination.

The sum of the objections to General Grant's administration is perhaps what would be called its low tone and its incapacity. Much is said in personal derogation of the President, and much that is, of course, only matter of private taste and preference. This, however, is true of all men of individual force who have been President. The severest personal criticisms were made upon General Jackson and upon Mr. Lincoln. In detail, the quality of the President's friendships, the intimate influences which surround him, the alienation of some men of culture and high character from his counsels, the appointment of certain unworthy officers, his passion for San Domingo, what is called his nepotism, ignorance, indifference to real reform and progress and political purification—all these points are urged with more or less warmth against the administration. It is alleged to be a total failure, and it is declared that there is universal party disappointment in its chief.

These are serious charges. But very many of them are personal, and we remind our readers that a President is estimated in two ways—by his personality and by his administration. It is, however, only a very few observers who estimate him by his personality, which can be really known to very few, while the country necessarily judges him by the results of his administration. We are now looking at the probability of a renomination, and that will be determined, it seems to us, not so much by personal considerations as by administrative results. To the great mass of voters the President, whoever he may be, is but a name. And there is undeniably a natural tendency, as government by laws and not by men becomes more firmly established, to be controlled less in questions of official preference by pure personality. It was, therefore, easy for the Democrats to elect Mr. Polk, who was unknown, and impossible for the Whigs to elect Mr. Clay, who had an army of enthusiastic friends. And to the question, Are republics, then, ungrateful and hostile to greatness? the reply is, that in republics no man has a claim upon official distinction, while every man has the duty of public service.

The grounds, therefore, upon which General Grant's renomination are probable are the results of his administration, to which may be added the evident difficulty of uniting his opponents in the party upon any candidate. The general feeling which will press for his renomination is that he is an honest man, who, whatever criticisms may be truthfully made in detail, sincerely wishes the public welfare and seeks it. Under his administration rights have been protected, burdens have been lifted, the most threatening questions have been settled, vital reforms have been begun, and the prosperity of the country secured by the consciousness that peace would be maintained—a consciousness which would vanish before Democratic success. Why should we change? will be the question of the party. Under whom should we have promise of more appreciable and valuable results? During this administration the purpose of the people has become so plain that the Democratic party abandons its positions, and confesses that its hopes of success rise in the degree that it becomes Republican. Is it not well, it will be asked, to maintain a situation in which the real opposition—the opposition of principle—dissolves?

Republican disaffection and defection there must be, because of the poison of patronage. Calumny and falsehood there must be, because of the bitterness of individual disappointment. "But there is a great deal of human nature in man," quaintly said the old preacher. And the good sense of the Republican party will probably hesitate long before it changes a situation which, upon the whole, carries the country happily forward in the direction which the principles and the results of the war indicated.

EASING THE SHIP.

It is sometimes thought by sagacious foreign students of the political system of the United States that one of its most serious defects and dangers is the frequency of the Presidential elections. Scarcely is the President seated than the struggle for his successor begins—a struggle in which he is often prompted to take part. But the peril lies not so much in the contest as in the system which makes the contest so vital. In every free political community there is always a profound party feeling. As long as this can be kept latent or diffused, the system is comparatively safe. But whatever artificially intensifies party feeling and brings it to a head threatens the system itself. In the United States it is both intensified and constantly brought to a point, and the system itself is, therefore, always in danger.

Thus in the Presidential election, in which the question of administration virtually turns upon the election of a single person, all the hates and jealousies and passions of party spirit, instead of being eased and diffused as they are in a Congressional election, are brought into sharp and angry collision. Nor is the contest itself really reasonable, although apparently so—that is, it is not a deliberate appeal to the intelligent judgment of the country between two policies of administration so much as a conflict for the spoils. There are hundreds of millions of dollars to spend, and the real question to the mass of the most active politicians is, who shall spend them and enjoy the collateral advantages? It is this last consideration which imbitters party spirit to a ferocious degree, while the decision by the election of a single person suggests frauds which would be impracticable in a Congressional election. As the spoils become larger, the country is therefore more and more exposed to the peril of a Presidential election palpably decided by fraud, as that of 1868 was in New York; and the consequences of such an event no man wishes to contemplate.

In England, which is the other constitutional country in the world, the perils of which we speak are avoided in two ways: first, by a permanent executive, which is expensive, awkward, and unnecessary; and second, by removing the spoils from the arena of party conflict. The result is that the party feeling of the country is never brought to a single personal point in an election, but is diffused among hundreds of candidates, while "the spoils" are safe from the issue. It is for this reason that many of the shrewdest republicans in England anticipate the practicability of a republican system in that country simpler and safer than ours: a system which shall have all the advantage of our experience, avoiding the defects which time has developed both in our theory and practice. Indeed, the British system is now only in name monarchical. The royal power is a faint shadow. The President of the United States is a potentate in comparison with the Queen of England. So absolutely annihilated is the power of the monarch that the Queen can not choose the ladies of her own bed-chamber except under sanction of the Prime Minister; and when Queen Victoria insisted upon her preference Sir Robert Peel replied that he would listen to her wishes, but that the authority of the appointment must proceed from him; and with one or two exceptions he named the ladies.

So the House of Lords has an imposing place in the British system, and peers enjoy certain personal privileges. But if the Lords, as a separate estate or body, should undertake to obstruct legislation and to defeat the will of the Commons, the Commons would instantly reduce them to submission and acquiescence. The ministry is merely a committee of the House of Commons. The monarch acts only by their advice, and approves, without appeal, all that they recommend. If the Peers were obstinate, the ministers would recommend the monarch "to swamp" them—that is, to appoint as many new peers as would outvote them and carry the measure. Nor could the monarch refuse without a revolution. This was what King William the Fourth was ready to do, under the advice of the Grey ministry, at the time of the passage of the great reform bill of 1832, if the Peers had not given way and allowed the bill to pass.

The political system of England, therefore, in some ways gives more immediate control of the government to the voters than our own, and, under the last reform bill, the suffrage is enormously extended, so that the voters as a body no longer belong to a certain class, but to all classes of the population. The majority of the representatives of the people is the government of the country. If that majority changes during a Parliament, the administration changes hands by the resignation of the ministry and the appointment of new ministers. But if the Parliament which defeats the Prime Minister was not called by him, he can dissolve it, and appeal directly to the people to know if he is sustained. If he is not, he resigns upon the evidence of that fact, as Mr. Disraeli resigned, when in the choice of the present Parliament the country, to which he had appealed, decided against him.

Thus the British system is in many respects much more flexible than ours, yet with great foundations of permanence, which are never seriously disturbed. And if in this country we can devise a method of making the Presidential election a change of administration only, as it is constitutionally intended to be, and not a universal and furious scramble for booty, as it has become, we shall give to the foundations of our government one kind of firmness and security which they have unquestionably lost.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON AND MR. SUMNER.

The happy coincidences of dates in connection with the Treaty of Washington have been remarked. But there is one other fact in relation to it which is also worthy of attention. When Mr. Sumner, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, reported to the Senate, under unanimous instruction, a resolution to reject the Reverdy Johnson treaty, he made his report in the form of a speech which excited universal attention. It was the most popular speech of his career. Thousands of persons who had always smiled or sneered at its author applauded with all their hearts. There was sharp criticism, indeed, in some quarters, and in England there were careful refusal to publish the speech, universal misapprehension, and violent condemnation. The truth was, as we attempted to show at the time, that it was a summing up of the case of America against England. It was a concentrated presentation of all the controlling facts. It was a serious expression of our deep sense of sorrow—sorrow deeper than any calculation of loss—and an emphatic statement of the real liabilities of England.

This speech of Mr. Sumner's was generally accepted as the American view of the question. It is, therefore, a very interesting inquiry whether the American view has changed, or whether in applauding the Treaty of Washington the country is rejoicing that its view has prevailed. And it must not be forgotten that Mr. Sumner made no demand whatever. In his statement of the case he may have left England liable for "consequential" or "sentimental" damages, but he asked for none. In the stress which he laid upon the concession of belligerent rights he insisted only upon that fact as the first point of evidence in the charge of unfriendly feeling, and presumptively, therefore, of unfriendly action. He began by declaring that he spoke in the interest of peace, and that the Reverdy Johnson treaty was not a settlement, but a snare. He then proceeded to found the argument for rejecting the treaty upon three grounds: first, that there was no word of regret for the events of which we complained; second, that there was no consideration of claims as a national demand; and third, that there was no rule of international law recognized as applicable to such cases, and therefore no gain for the future.

These were the three vital objections to the treaty. Mr. Sumner enlarged, indeed, upon the prolongation of the war, the destruction of our commerce, the expense of the blockade, as prodigious items, the amount of which might be computed at the Navy Department; and he said that it would be for a wise statesmanship to determine how this fearful accumulation should be removed out of sight. These were what were called at the time "consequential" damages. This is always a liability, in our judgment, not to be discharged in money, but in some other way. The Reverdy Johnson treaty was rejected by the Senate, as it had already been by the country; and now the Treaty of Washington has been negotiated amidst universal congratulation, and the Senate gladly ratified what the country had warmly approved. Honorable concessions have been made upon both sides. Yet it will be seen that the substantial points for which Mr. Sumner contended have been gained. Very possibly not so much has been obtained in his own direction as he might desire. But those who think him factious and selfish in his hostility to the administration should certainly remark that although he offered an amendment to the treaty to avoid the very objection which has since been raised in regard to the interpretation of a rule of law, yet he forbore to press it to the possible disadvantage of the settlement in opening the way to amendments; and so in no manner did he withstand the signal triumph of the administration.

The Treaty of Washington speaks the word of regret, treats the claims question as national, and lays down rules of international law for the future, thus satisfying the cardinal conditions of a proper treaty as Mr. Sumner had stated them. He doubtless wishes that there might have been a provision, for instance, for the safety of private property at sea. Nor is it at all improbable that, in view of such a concession, the mere money question, whether of amounts computed at the Navy Department or elsewhere, would seem to him comparatively unimportant. But if the Commissioners had been guided by his speech as by a chart laying down the currents and soundings of American sentiment, they could hardly have steered more sagaciously; and certainly it may be asked with great force whether the United States would probably have obtained a settlement so satisfactory except for the powerful presentation of their case made by Mr. Sumner, which was so cordially and generally sustained by the American people. It showed our English friends exactly the depth and the character and the reason of our feeling; and in this, as in so many other famous instances, the bold way was the best way.

TRICKS AT TAMMANY.

To any one who is in any degree familiar with the history of this country during the last fifteen years the performance at Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July was exquisitely comical. Mr. William M. Tweed announced that the Democratic party, whose chief leaders for four years desperately struggled to destroy the government, now propose "to wrest it from the hands of those who, in our opinion, are betraying it." Mr. Tweed may take heart. The hands that hold the government are those that saved it. The hands that tried to betray it were not, we believe, those of General Grant nor of the Republican party. Mr. Tweed proceeds to remark that he and his party friends hope also to take the government from "those who are trying to crush out all principles of equality, liberty, and toleration." Now as

Mr. Tweed and his friends are Democrats, and as his party has always shown its regard for equality by bitterly opposing the equal rights of people who were of colored skins, and its devotion to liberty by justifying human slavery and struggling to perpetuate it forever, and its fidelity to toleration by mobbing and scourging and hanging those who asserted liberty and equal rights, he will, perhaps, pardon the American people, who remember ten years, if they decline to undertake the saving of liberty and equality by Democratic hands.

The gentleman who made the Erie bill law—Mr. Tweed's Governor Hoffman—also sent a letter upon the subject of government, his idea of good government and the duties of an executive chief being illustrated, probably, by the same Erie bill. The object of the letter seemed to be to show that in this country we need a strong people and not a strong government, and that the Republican party is centralizing power. Now in this country we have a strong people, and therefore we have a strong government. The technical phrase, strong government, is derived from purely monarchical countries, where the people are not consulted. But here, where the people are the immediate source of power—where, therefore, as is often and not untruly said, they are the government—there can not be that opposition between the government and the people which often exists elsewhere.

It is the policy of the school of politicians to which Mr. Hoffman belongs to decry what they call the central government, meaning the government of the United States. It has been their policy from the beginning, and that alone made the rebellion practicable. The Democratic dogma is distrust of the national government and exaltation of the State governments. Now no political system like ours can be secure in which distrust of the general government is habitually taught by a great party. "A weak central government" would be as disastrous to this country as a collection of weak State governments. The doctrine of the necessity of a weak central government was inculcated for two generations by the Democratic party; and therefore when, encouraged by that doctrine and sustained by it, a fatal blow was aimed at the government, it proceeded naturally from that party. It must, therefore, be distrusted as necessarily disorganizing.

The truth is that there is no antagonism between the State and the national systems, and it is as wrong to suspect the one as to be jealous of the other. The tendency, indeed, in a race like ours, and with our political traditions, will always be to the aggrandizement of the State government. And experience has fatally demonstrated that the centrifugal force has been only overcome by a desperate contest. The man who can not contemplate the national government with as much pride and confidence as that of a State is not truly an American. And this is to be further observed—nor will its significance be forgotten—that the cry of centralization is raised most lustily when the question is of the protection by the national government of the unfortunate people whom the national government under Democratic control constantly strove to thrust back into slavery.

SAMUEL J. MAY.

There are probably thousands of persons in this country who, when they heard that Samuel J. May was dead, felt that the best man they knew was gone. Whatever his abilities, and they were admirable, and whatever the services of his long life, consecrated to humanity, the profoundest impression that he always made was that of goodness. His temperament was cheerful, his conversation was flowing and humorous, his preaching was pointed and fervid; but wherever he was, and whatever the occasion, those who had been with him felt that it was good to have been there. Yet, while he was one of the gentlest of men, he was also one of the most heroic. He freely and even gladly encountered such martyrdom as modern society provides for those who differ from the general opinion. But he maintained his cause with such sweetness and reason, such a direct appeal to the human nature of his antagonist, that the common asperity of debate often disappeared, and a truth which was so unselfishly urged was tolerated if not adopted.

His career was a signal illustration of the conquest of character over differences of opinion. Mr. May was a Unitarian, an abolitionist, a woman's rights man, as it is called; and in all his views upon moral and political questions he was most radical. Nor did he ever conceal his opinions. Indeed, he was peculiarly identified with them. But he made friends, and not enemies. His neighbors respected and loved him, and his name was a chief ornament of all the good causes to which he was devoted. He had lived for many years in Syracuse, in New York, where he was the pastor of a church. During and after the war he was a most faithful and tireless laborer in the sanitary work and the Freedman's Association. But in later years he had somewhat withdrawn from his pulpit, and lived happily and peacefully among his friends and kindred. Among them, also, peacefully and happily he died, his memory remaining like a benediction with all who knew him.

PERSONAL.

There are a few offices, or rather a few fountains of corruption, in the city of New York that are equaled by similar positions abroad. The Earl of Ellenborough, for instance, now eighty-one years of age, was, when a school-boy, appointed by his father, then Chief Justice of England, to the joint Chief Clerkship of Pleas in the Court of Queen's Bench, and has ever since that time drawn annually about $40,000 in salary and fees without performing any of the duties of the office. The office of Sheriff of New York is worth from $75,000 to $100,000 per annum; County Clerk, $50,000; Register, $50,000; Comptroller, $100,000; City Chamberlain, $100,000. Of course these are not the nominal salaries, but the figures are not understated. The offices of Collector, Surveyor, and Naval Officer of the port of New York are worth from $40,000 to $75,000 per annum each, according to seizures (*aut seizures, aut nullus*), while the position of United States Marshal is worth quite as much more. The difference between the earl and our officials is that the latter have only about four years of fat things, while the former has enjoyed his place upward of sixty years, and received over two and a half millions of dollars.

—The little ripple of trouble in the Episcopal Theological Seminary between some of the faculty and Dr. Forbes, the Dean, calls to mind the fact that the clerical career of the latter has been not more conspicuous than erratic. When he left the Episcopal for the Roman Church, in 1849, he had been a clergyman for twenty years, and was twice a delegate to the General Convention. At the time of his leaving, his assistant at St. Luke's Church in this city was the Rev. Mr. Preston, who followed Dr. F., and when Dr. F. became pastor of St. Ann's R. C. church, Mr. Preston became his assistant, succeeding him as pastor when Dr. F. recanted and re-entered the Episcopal Church. Soon after Dr. F. became a Roman Catholic he was appointed theologian of the Bishop of Charleston at a General Council of R. C. archbishops and bishops held in Baltimore (1852). In 1854 he was theologian to Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, in a Provincial Council. Subsequently he received from Pius IX. the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology at the same time with Drs. Newman and Manning, of England, and was sent by Archbishop Hughes on a special mission to Rome to aid in establishing there the American College for Priests, with the intimation that he might remain, if he wished it, to preside over that institution. On returning to the Episcopal Church, in 1859, he was put in nomination for Provost in the University of Pennsylvania, being recommended by the President and some of the professors of Harvard, the professors of Columbia College, the professors of the General Theological Seminary, and such men as Judge Curtis, then of the United States Supreme Court, Judge Redfield, of Vermont, Hamilton Fish, Reverdy Johnson, John P. Kennedy, General Dix, Bishops Potter, Whittingham, and Coxe. Among Catholics the eloquence of Dr. Forbes in favor of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, at the time it was promulgated, is well remembered.

—About these days politicians become anxious as to who shall be who in the approaching nominations of the Tammany party. A nomination is deemed equivalent to an election. The Ring are therefore cogitating as to who shall be the man. The most important of the county offices to be filled are the judges—especially so now, as those to be elected will hold office for fourteen years. In reference to the Superior Court, where two are to be chosen, and the Common Pleas, the "slate" is already arranged. Judges Spencer and Jones and Chief Justice Daly are to be renominated. These nominations will be generally acceptable to the bar and the public. For the Supreme Court there are several gentlemen who would not regard it as imperative to decline a nomination. Among them may be mentioned Judge Garvin, Recorder Hackett, and Thomas T. C. Buckley, Esq. When the day arrives, however, it will be found that Judge Cardozo will be the man, the understanding being that he is to resign his present seat, and be re-elected for the long term. This would give the Governor power to fill the vacancy in November, the appointee being agreed upon, and thus put in position for the succession. That is the programme.

—Will the Methodist Book Concern be considerate enough to withdraw for a short time from the public gaze? If it declines to take itself out of sight, will not the Associated Press buy it up and turn it into a shooting-gallery, an insane asylum, or some quiet institution of the sort? At a most careful and conservative estimate, the newspapers of the country have been at the expense of ten million dollars for printing the daily bulletin of the Methodist Book Concern quarrel, that is of no interest whatever to any body. The name of Lanahan has become as familiar as that of Bismarck. Let his inquisitors now hang him for exposing theft, and the public will feel very much relieved.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

—Not long since young Mr. Pryor, a son of General Roger A. Pryor, carried off one of the honors of Cambridge University, England. To another young American, George Lockhart Rives, has just been awarded the first prize at Trinity College, in the same university, for English declamation and composition, the second and third prizes being awarded to Hon. C. H. Strutt and Lord Monteagle.

—There are whisperings of a revolt against Tammany. A gathering is said to have recently been held in Albany, at which several of the prominent Democratic country leaders were present—among them the Hon. Delos De Wolf, of Oswego, Hon. C. F. Norton, of Plattsburg, Senator Hardenberg, Senator Lord, Hon. Calvert Comstock, General George J. Magee, Hon. Isaiah Fuller, William W. Wright, Judge George J. Comstock, and others. These gentlemen are understood to be the friends of Governor Seymour and Chief Justice Church, rather than friends of Tammany. They are experienced, wary, long-headed politicians, and may give the Fourteenth Street saint some trouble.

—It was once stated in rhyme by a poetical but somewhat irregular "exciseman and gauger"—Robert Burns, in his "Address to a Mouse"—that

> "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft a-gley,
> An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain
> For promised joy."

And so the scheme by which Mr. Bret Harte was to tickle the auriculars of the *savans* of New England by something in the "Truthful James" vein was brought to naught by a curious variety of misinformation as to the particular season of the year at which the Commencement solemnities at Harvard usually take place. Having a vague notion, perhaps, that it occurred some time during the hot season, he betook himself to the seclusion of rural Newport to *ink*ubate the poem. But either the weather, or inability to get up the divine afflatus, or obliviousness as to the "wing of time"—which will occasionally "moult a feather"—combined against him, and, instead of something rich and racy, he placed some old lyrics in his portmanteau, and started for the Hub. On arrival he "put up" at one of those Boston hotels of the *prima facie* class, inserted himself in tidy apparel, and "asked somebody where Cambridge was, and how he could get there." Somebody told him where Cambridge was and how he could get there, specifying the route and the ordinary style of "shay" by which he could travel. He traveled there, and arrived just as the excited people of that country were "going for the meeting-house," and drifted into church with a crowd of thin-faced people, mostly wearing glasses. He stood up like a man, read his lines "as loudly as he could,"

> "Then quietly slipped out of a little private door,
> And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

—The Hon. Asa Packer, who ranks, if not the richest, as one of the richest men of Pennsylvania, has made another princely donation to "Lehigh University," which he founded in 1866 by a gift of $500,000. He now proposes to the Board of Trustees that the institution shall be under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, the tuition to be absolutely free in all the regular classes. The original endowment is to be increased by $250,000 as soon as the trustees raise $125,000. A second gift of $250,000 will be bestowed when a second $125,000 is raised by the Board; and until this is raised Mr. Packer will give $25,000 a year toward the incidental expenses. Mr. Packer is a native of Connecticut, and was in Congress from Pennsylvania from 1853 to 1857. How paltry this honor compared to the splendor of his benevolence!

—Hon. J. M. Allyn, owner of the Allyn House, Hartford, has emulated in a modest, gentlemanly way the munificence of Mr. Packer, by offering to the Young Men's Institute $40,000 to establish a free library and art gallery, and a clear title to the hall story of Allyn Hall building, to be fitted up for that purpose. The latter is worth over $100,000. He desires that the library shall be kept open Sundays, but this is not a condition of the gift.

—In a recent number of the *Weekly* we gave some personal recollections of the late Thaddeus Stevens. The following anecdote gives another instance of the grim humor of the old gentleman. When he discovered that there was a clause in the charters of the several cemeteries prohibiting the burial of any but white persons in them, he declined to take any of the lots, and went to Shreiner's private cemetery, where no such prohibition existed. He purchased two adjoining lots. One of his friends, in view of the fact that there was no one but himself to be buried in them, asked him why he secured so much ground. "Well," he replied, in his inimitable, humorous way, "some poor devil may come along one of these days who will have no place to go to. He can *turn in* with me."

—Mr. Joaquin Miller, who is mentioned in the papers as the "new Californian poet," is in London, and has been dining with Archbishop Trench, Robert Browning, and other literary people, and been creating a new sensation by appearing at an evening party in top-boots. The most fastidious of London *littérateurs* believe in him, and he has become a lion of great size.

—It is mooted in the upper political circles of Wisconsin that Mr. Horace Rublee, now minister of the United States to Switzerland, and late editor of the Madison (Wisconsin) *State Journal*, is to return to take charge, as editor, of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, and that E. D. Holton, a banker, politician, and railroad man of that State, is to succeed him in the mission.

—General Noyes, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is the artificer of his own fortune. He is now thirty-nine years of age. In early boyhood he was left an orphan, and at thirteen entered the office of the Dover (New Hampshire) *Morning Star* as an apprentice. After four years' work as a typo he prepared to enter Dartmouth College, from which, in 1853, he graduated fourth in the class. At the outbreak of the war he marched with the Thirty-ninth Ohio, and served with conspicuous ability and gallantry with Pope and Sherman, losing a limb at Kenesaw Mountain. He is a brilliant speaker and thorough gentleman.

—The election of the Rev. Eliphalet Nott Potter, D.D., to the presidency of Union College, gives occasion to mention that he is the youngest man, with a single exception, who has ever been chosen to such a position in this country, or probably in the Old World—being only thirty-three years of age. He graduated at Union in 1861, and was ordained in Troy in June, 1863. His first parish was at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he built a church, and where he remained until the fall of 1869, when he became rector of St. Paul's Church, Troy. The exception alluded to was that of his grandfather, the late Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Nott, who was chosen President of the same college in 1804, at the age of thirty-one, and continued in that position until his death, in 1866—a period of sixty-two years. When Dr. Nott took the presidency the college was in its infancy, its corporate existence dating from 1795, when it was without funds and in debt. In 1814 the Legislature, through his efforts, passed a lottery law for the benefit of the college, that sort of thing being then deemed quite unexceptionable. During his long incumbency upward of 4000 young men graduated from the college, and shortly before his death he endowed it with property worth $500,000. The father of the president elect, the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, D.D., late Bishop of Pennsylvania, son-in-law of Dr. Nott, was graduated at Union in 1818, became a tutor in 1819, and professor in 1821. In 1831 he became Vice-President and Professor of Moral Philosophy, and was consecrated Bishop of Pennsylvania in 1845. The sons of Bishop P. are, with one exception, graduates of Union College; and it is seldom that six brothers have at so early a period in life attained to positions so distinguished. The eldest, Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, aged forty-six, is a lawyer of eminence, and the present representative in Congress from the district composed of Westchester, Rockland and Putnam Counties; Mr. Howard Potter is a partner in the opulent banking house of Brown, Brothers, & Co.; General Robert B. Potter, also a lawyer, went into the war as Major of the Fifty-first New York Volunteers, was twice shot through the body, and attained to the rank of Major-General and commander of the Ninth Army Corps. Mr. Edward Tuckerman Potter is a prominent architect of this city. The Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter, rector of Grace Church, in this city, was ordained in '57; in '59 was called to St. John's Church, Troy; in '63, when but twenty-eight years of age, was tendered the presidency of Gambier College, Ohio, and, in the same year, the rectorship of St. Paul's, Albany, both of which he declined. In 1866 he became "assistant minister of Trinity Church, Boston, on the Greene Foundation," where he remained until 1868, when he was called to the rectorship of Grace Church, in this city—one of the largest, most opulent, and, under his charge, one of the most influential, zealous, and successful parishes in the Church. The youngest of this remarkable family, who has just been chosen to a position of the highest honor and responsibility—Dr. Eliphalet Nott Potter, worthily closes the family record of his distinguished father. He carries with him the hearty God-speed of all the sons of Union, the best wishes of his brethren in the ministry, and the highest hopes of those who see in the infusion of young blood into the direction of the institution an earnest of grand results.

Mr. Charles Lanman, author of that very useful biographical work, the "Dictionary of Congress," has been commissioned by the Japanese government to prepare, as a sort of text-book for the people of Japan, a descriptive and historical work on the United States, to be translated by Minister Arinori Mari, and published in that country.

—There are little incidents connected with the Treaty of Washington that must have given a little quiet satisfaction to Mr. Schenck during his first days in London. The first was the pleasant fact of the ratification of the treaty in London on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker. The second was that the President officially announced that fact by proclamation on the 4th of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Probably neither of these incidents was planned beforehand. Let them be taken, therefore, as auspicious omens for the future.

—The Rev. Dr. Edward M'Glyn, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, in this city, has been named in connection with the diocese of Cleveland, Ohio, and also with the new diocese recently set off from the diocese of Albany. Whether reports are true assigning to him the crosier, or whether he would be willing to leave St. Stephen's—one of the largest and wealthiest Roman Catholic churches in the United States—we are unable to state. Dr. M'Glyn is still young—under forty—a gentleman of superior ability, high culture, an able preacher, and a faithful, industrious, and beloved minister of his Church. It would be difficult to select a more excellent or efficient gentleman for the high duties of the episcopate.

—Some wag, taking a comprehensive view of the political complications of the day, and animated by a laudable desire to harmonize the various conflicting elements, proposes a "new departure" by nominating Peter Cooper, "the friend of man," for President and Henry Bergh, "the friend of the brute," for Vice-President.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The ratifications of the Treaty of Washington were exchanged at London on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill; and it was proclaimed at Washington on the 4th of July, the anniversary of American Independence.

The Civil Service Commission now in session at Washington has under consideration the practicability of the system of open competition examinations. The Commission has received from England a number of documents relating to the civil service in that country, and also reports from several of the Departments in Washington relative to the number of employés in the civil service under each respectively, with details as to the present methods of examination, etc.

The Hon. C. C. Bowen, recently convicted at Washington of bigamy, has been pardoned by the President.

Judge Pratt, of Brooklyn, has granted a writ of error in the case of Foster, convicted of the murder of Mr. Putnam. Foster was to be executed on the 14th inst., but the action of Judge Pratt gives him a reprieve till October.

Over two hundred Morman immigrants, mostly English, were landed in this city on the 3d inst., and were immediately sent Westward.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The recent elections in France have resulted in the complete success of the Republicans. Out of 114 deputies chosen, between eighty and ninety are supporters of President Thiers. Among the successful candidates are Gambetta, Victor Hugo, Duvergier, and General Faidherbe.

It is reported that Gambetta is to publish a paper, with General Faidherbe as military editor. The former has written a letter rejoicing over the results of the election, and advising moderation and patience.

The reorganization of the French army has been completed, and its effective strength is 320,000 men.

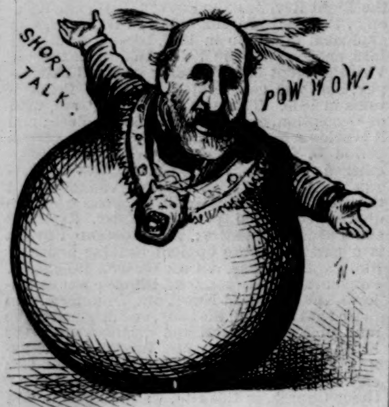
The Comte de Chambord has issued a proclamation to the people of France, asserting his claims to the throne. It is generally condemned by the European press as tending to increase agitation.

Victor Emanuel reached Rome on the 3d of July, and was enthusiastically received by the people. The representatives of Germany, Sweden, Turkey, Holland, Russia, Spain, and the United States to the Italian court have also repaired to Rome.

The course of Minister Washburne during the recent troubles in Paris is completely vindicated in a letter recently published in the London *Times.*

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

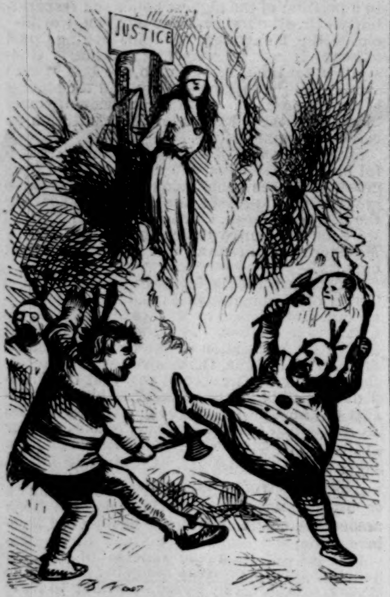
Address of Grand Sachem Tweed at the Tammany Wigwam.—[Illustrated by Nast.]


SHORT TALK.
POW WOW!

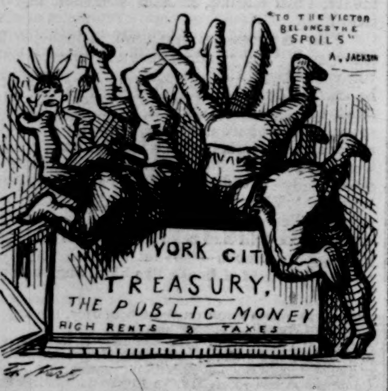
THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

THE GALLEY
SUFFRAGE

FRIENDS AND BRETHREN,—In accordance with time-honored custom, the Tammany Society have assembled here to-day for the purpose of keeping alive the patriotic fires which caused the organization of the institution.

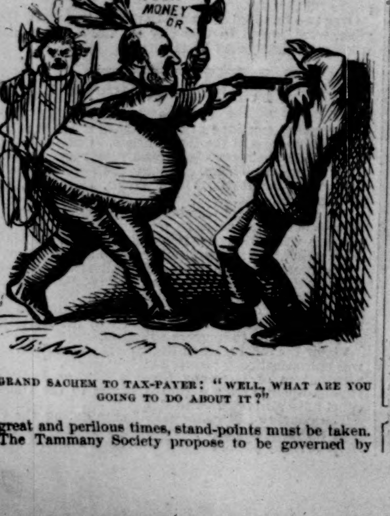


PATRIOTIC FIRES.


"TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE SPOILS"
A. JACKSON
YORK CIT
TREASURY,
THE PUBLIC MONEY
RICH RENTS & TAXES

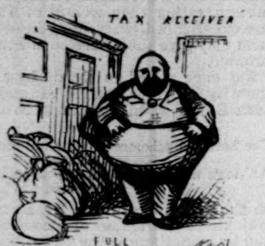
THEIR ORGANIZATION.

We are gratified to find that the interest the Tammany Society have striven to protect, the interest they have striven to care for, the interest they have striven to advance and striven to organize, meets the approbation and approval of so many of our fellow-citizens. In these great and perilous times, stand-points must be taken.


YOUR MONEY OR

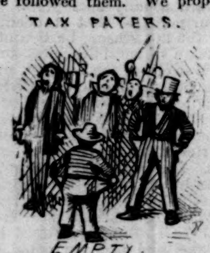
GRAND SACHEM TO TAX-PAYER: "WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

The Tammany Society propose to be governed by those rules which have made all countries powerful which have followed them.


TAX RECEIVER
FULL

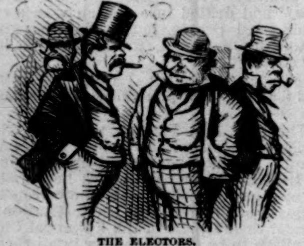
ONE AND

We propose that the interests of one shall be the interests of all.

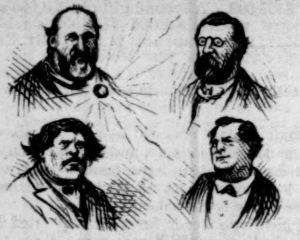

TAX PAYERS.
EMPTY.

ALL.

We propose to carry on a strict government. We propose to recognize the rights of those who elect persons to high official stations, and to call them to personal account for the manner in which they have conducted themselves and performed their duties.

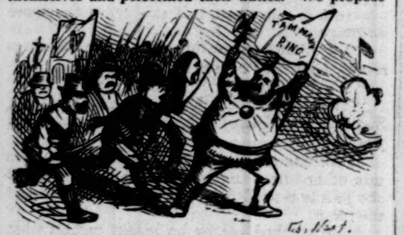


THE ELECTORS.

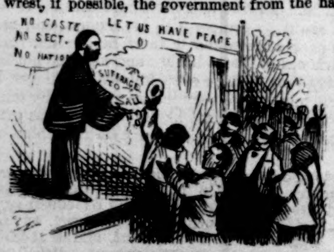


BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING.

We propose to wrest, if possible, the government from the hands of those who now, in our opinion, are betraying it; from those who are trying to crush out all principles of equality, liberty, and toleration.

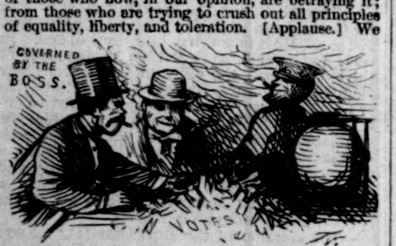

TAMMANY RING

ON TO WASHINGTON.


NO CASTE
NO SECT.
NO NATION
LET US HAVE PEACE
SUFFRAGE TO ALL

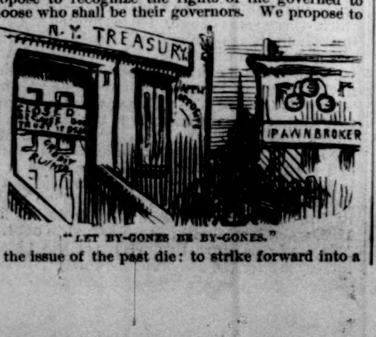
THE BETRAYER.

[Applause.] We propose to recognize the rights of the governed to choose who shall be their governors.

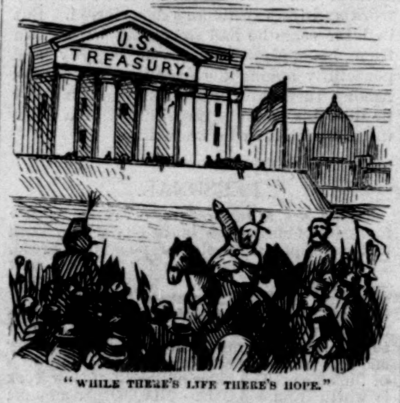

GOVERNED BY THE BOSS.
VOTES

MIGHT MAKES RIGHT. MIKE TO PAT: "WHERE'S THE SINSE OF COUNTING THESE? WE KNOW HOW MANY THERE MUST BE."

We propose to let the issue of the past die: to strike forward into a bright and noble career.

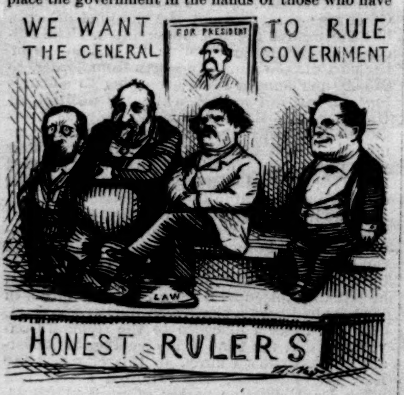

N.Y. TREASURY
CLOSED
CREDIT RUINED
PAWNBROKER

"LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES."

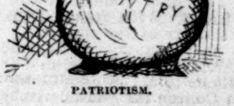

U.S. TREASURY.

"WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE."

[Applause.] To once more place the government in the hands of those who have always conducted the general government in a manner satisfactory to the country.

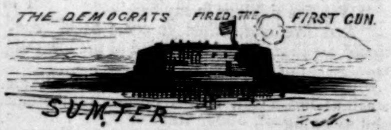

WE WANT THE GENERAL
FOR PRESIDENT
TO RULE GOVERNMENT
LAW
HONEST RULERS

PAR EXEMPLE.


THE COUNTRY

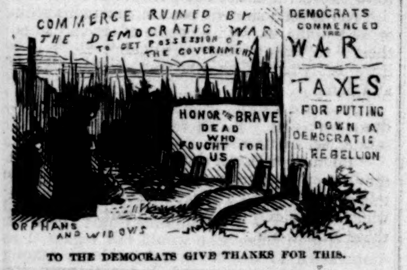
PATRIOTISM.

From the formation of the government, except for a brief time, the Democratic party have been in the ascendency; what was the result?


THE DEMOCRATS FIRED THE FIRST GUN.
SUMTER

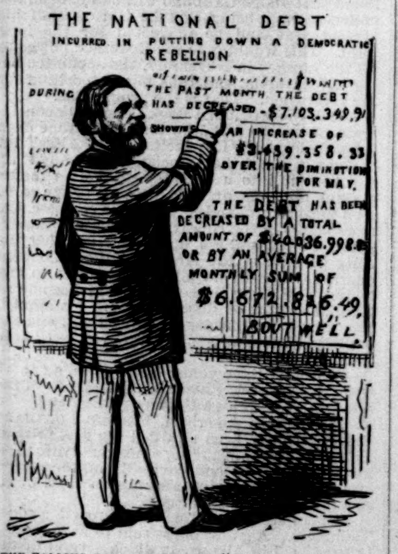
NOT BEING ELECTED BY FAIR MEANS, TRY FOUL.

Commerce thrived, ship-yards were filled with working-men; our ships, built by Americans, commanded by American captains, and manned by American sailors, covered the ocean. Our manufacturing interests, our iron-works. our iron mines, and all the great manufacturing interests were protected.

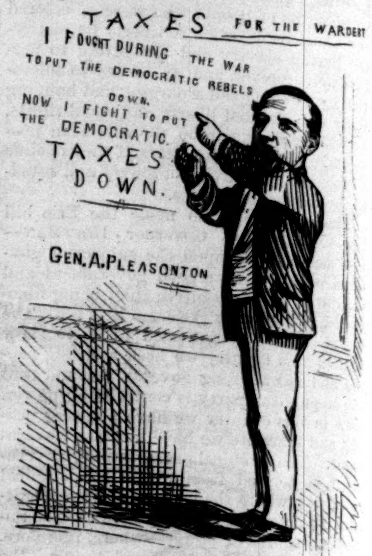

COMMERCE RUINED BY THE DEMOCRATIC WAR TO GET POSSESSION OF THE GOVERNMENT
DEMOCRATS COMMENCED THE WAR
TAXES FOR PUTTING DOWN A DEMOCRATIC REBELLION
HONOR THE BRAVE DEAD WHO FOUGHT FOR US
ORPHANS AND WIDOWS

TO THE DEMOCRATS GIVE THANKS FOR THIS.

It is not necessary to occupy your attention longer, further than to say that the present condition of those interests is the result of the action of those who now govern us.

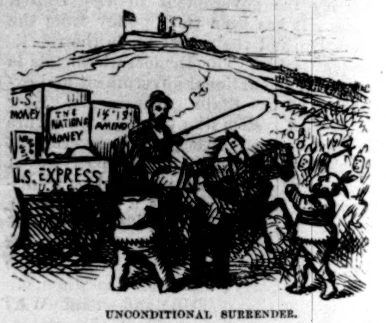

THE NATIONAL DEBT
INCURRED IN PUTTING DOWN A DEMOCRATIC REBELLION
DURING THE PAST MONTH THE DEBT HAS DECREASED -$7.103.349.91
SHOWING AN INCREASE OF $3.459.358.33 OVER THE DIMINUTION FOR MAY.
THE DEBT HAS BEEN DECREASED BY A TOTAL AMOUNT OF $40.036.998. OR BY AN AVERAGE MONTHLY SUM OF $6.672.826.49.
BOUTWELL.

THE FALLING OFF. BOUTWELL: "NOW, SLIPPERY DICK, MAKE FIGURES AS PLAIN AS THESE EVERY MONTH."


TAXES FOR THE WAR DEBT
I FOUGHT DURING THE WAR TO PUT THE DEMOCRATIC REBELS DOWN.
NOW I FIGHT TO PUT THE DEMOCRATIC TAXES DOWN.
GEN. A. PLEASONTON

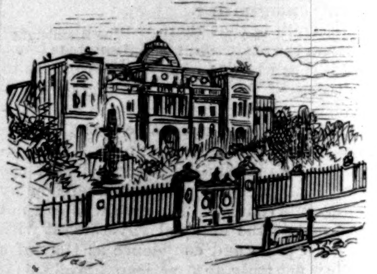
GENERAL PLEASONTON: "MR. TWEED, GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

Commerce is paralyzed. Where before the ocean was studded with ships of American build, sailed by American captains, and owned by American owners, what now does the register show? No increase—none whatever; a falling off, a great diminution.

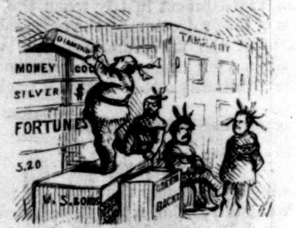

U.S. MONEY
THE NATIONAL MONEY
14·15 AMEND
U.S. EXPRESS.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

We propose to take the government from the hands of those who now hold it, and to go forward as we did before, steadily advancing, steadily promoting, steadily increasing the welfare and prosperity of all.

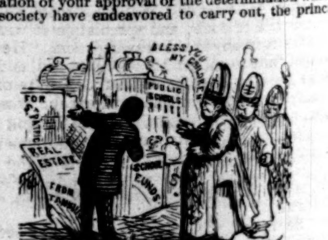


MR. TWEED'S NEXT CASTLE.

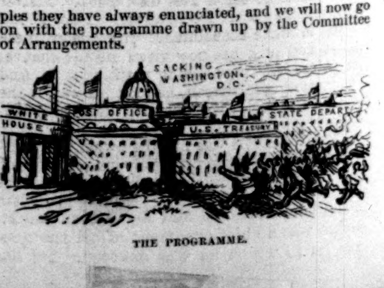

DIAMONDS
TAMMANY
MONEY
SILVER
FORTUNES
5.20
U.S. BONDS
GREEN BACKS

LAYING UP EARTHLY TREASURES,

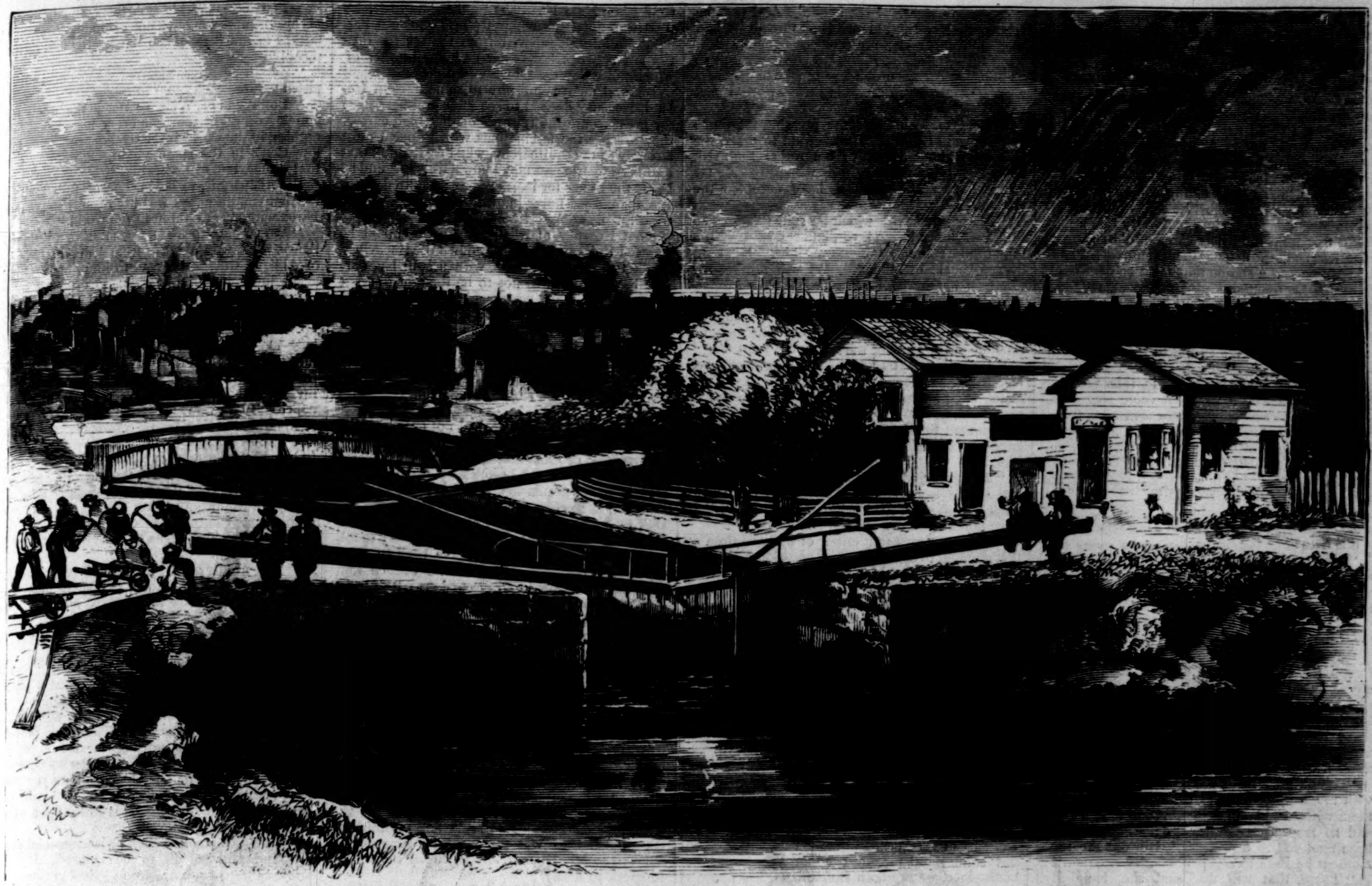
[Applause.] I would be pleased and happy to talk all day to you, but I am to be followed by speakers who have made politics their study, and I presume you, gentlemen, would be much better pleased to hear them than me. That being the case, in the name of the Tammany Society I again thank you for this manifestation of your approval of the determination which the society have endeavored to carry out, the principles they have always enunciated, and we will now go on with the programme drawn up by the Committee of Arrangements.


BLESS YOU MY CHILDREN
PUBLIC SCHOOLS
REAL ESTATE FROM TAMMANY
SCHOOL FUNDS

WITH AN EYE TO THE NEXT WORLD.


SACKING WASHINGTON, D.C.
WHITE HOUSE
POST OFFICE
U.S. TREASURY
STATE DEPART

THE PROGRAMME.



TURNING THE WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN INTO THE GULF OF MEXICO.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 671.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE GARDEN AT DUSK.

WHEN Atlee quitted Walpole's room he was far too full of doubt and speculation to wish to join the company in the drawing-room. He had need of time to collect his thoughts, too, and arrange his plans. This sudden departure of his would, he well knew, displease Kearney. It would savor of a degree of impertinence, in treating their hospitality so cavalierly, that Dick was certain to resent, and not less certain to attribute to a tuft-hunting weakness on Atlee's part, of which he had frequently declared he detected signs in Joe's character.

"Be it so. I'll only say you'll not see me cultivate 'swells' for the pleasure of their society, or even the charms of their cookery. If I turn them to no better uses than display, Master Dick, you may sneer freely at me. I have long wanted to make acquaintance with one of these fellows, and luck has now given me the chance. Let us see if I know how to profit by it." And thus muttering to himself, he took his way to the farm-yard to find a messenger to dispatch to Kilbeggan for post-horses.

The fact that he was not the owner of a half-crown in the world very painfully impressed itself on a negotiation which, to be prompt, should be prepaid, and which he was endeavoring to explain to two or three very idle but very incredulous listeners—not one of whom could be induced to accept a ten miles' tramp of a drizzling night without the prompting of a tip in advance.

"It's every step of eight miles," cried one.

"No, but it's ten," asseverated another, with energy, "by rayson that you must go by the road. There's nobody would venture across the bog in the dark."

"Wid five shillings in my hand—"

"And five more when ye come back," continued another, who was terrified at the low estimate so rashly ventured.

"If one had even a shilling or two, to pay for a drink when he got in to Kilbeggan wet through and shivering—"

The speaker was not permitted to finish his ignominiously low proposal, and a low growl of disapprobation smothered his words.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Joe, angrily, "that there's not a man here will step over to the town to order a chaise and post-horses?"

"And if yer honor will put his hand in his pocket, and tempt us with a couple of crown pieces, there's no saying what we wouldn't do," said a little bandy old fellow, who was washing his face at a pump.

"And are crown pieces so plentiful with you down here that you can earn them so easily?" said Atlee, with a sneer.

"Be my sowle, yer honor, it's thinkin' that they're not so asy to come at makes us a bit lazy this evening," said a ragged fellow, with a grin, which was quickly followed by a hearty laugh from those around him.

Something that sounded like a titter above his head made Atlee look up, and there, exactly over where he stood, was Nina, leaning over a little stone balcony in front of a window, an amused witness of the scene beneath.

"I have two words for yourself," cried he to her, in Italian. "Will you come down to the garden for one moment?"

"Can not the two words be said in the drawing-room?" asked she, half saucily, in the same language.

"No; they can not be said in the drawing-room," continued he, sternly.

"It's dropping rain. I should get wet."

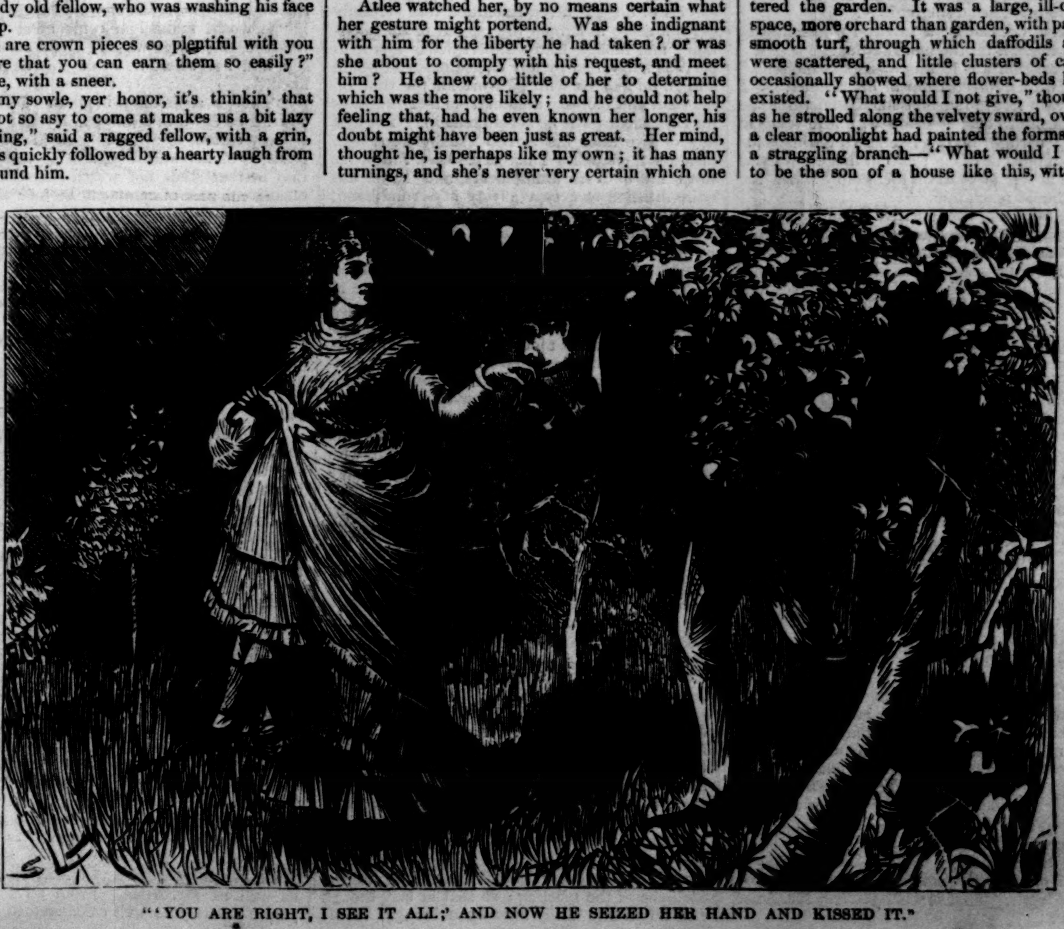
"Take an umbrella, then, but come. Mind me, Signora Nina, I am the bearer of a message for you."

There was something almost disdainful in the toss of her head as she heard these words, and she hastily retired from the balcony and entered the room.

Atlee watched her, by no means certain what her gesture might portend. Was she indignant with him for the liberty he had taken? or was she about to comply with his request, and meet him? He knew too little of her to determine which was the more likely; and he could not help feeling that, had he even known her longer, his doubt might have been just as great. Her mind, thought he, is perhaps like my own; it has many turnings, and she's never very certain which one of them she will follow. Somehow, this imputed willfulness gave her, to his eyes, a charm scarcely second to that of her exceeding beauty. And what beauty it was! The very perfection of symmetry in every feature when at rest, while the varied expressions of her face as she spoke, or smiled, or listened, imparted a fascination which only needed the charm of her low liquid voice to be irresistible.

How she vulgarizes that pretty girl, her cousin, by mere contrast! What subtile essence is it, apart from hair, and eyes, and skin, that spreads an atmosphere of conquest over these natures? and how is it that men have no ascendencies of this sort—nothing that imparts to their superiority the sense that worship of them is in itself an ecstasy?

"Take my message into town," said he, to a fellow near, "and you shall have a sovereign when you come back with the horses;" and with this he strolled away across a little paddock and entered the garden. It was a large, ill-cultivated space, more orchard than garden, with patches of smooth turf, through which daffodils and lilies were scattered, and little clusters of carnations occasionally showed where flower-beds had once existed. "What would I not give," thought Joe, as he strolled along the velvety sward, over which a clear moonlight had painted the forms of many a straggling branch—"What would I not give to be the son of a house like this, with an old



"'YOU ARE RIGHT, I SEE IT ALL;' AND NOW HE SEIZED HER HAND AND KISSED IT."

and honored name, with an ancestry strong enough to build upon for future pretensions, and then with an old home, peaceful, tranquil, and unmolested; where, as in such a spot as this, one might dream of great things, perhaps more—might achieve them! What books would I not write! What novels, in which, fashioning the hero out of my own heart, I could tell scores of impressions the world has made upon me in its aspect of religion, or of politics, or of society! What essays could I not compose here—the mind elevated by that buoyancy which comes of the consciousness of being free for a great effort! Free from the vulgar interruptions that cling to poverty like a garment, free from the paltry cares of daily subsistence, free from the damaging incidents of a doubtful position and a station that must be continually asserted. That one disparagement, perhaps, worst of all," cried he, aloud: "how is a man to enjoy his estate if he is 'put upon his title' every day of the week? One might as well be a French emperor, and go every spring to the country for a character."

"What shocking indignity is this you are dreaming of?" said a very soft voice near him, and turning, he saw Nina, who was moving across the grass, with her dress so draped as to show the most perfect instep and ankle with a very unguarded indifference.

"This is very damp for you; shall we not come out into the walk?" said he.

"It is very damp," said she, quickly, "but I came because you said you had a message for me: is this true?"

"Do you think I could deceive you?" said he, with a sort of tender reproachfulness.

"It might not be so very easy, if you were to try," replied she, laughing.

"That is not the most gracious way to answer me."

"Well, I don't believe we came here to pay compliments; certainly I did not, and my feet are very wet already—look there and see the ruin of a 'chaussure' I shall never replace in this dear land of coarse leather and hobnails."

As she spoke she showed her feet, around which her bronzed shoes hung limp and misshapen.

"Would that I could be permitted to dry them with my kisses," said he, as, stooping, he wiped them with his handkerchief, but so deferentially and so respectfully as though the homage had been tendered to a princess. Nor did she for a moment hesitate to accept the service.

"There, that will do," said she, haughtily. "Now for your message."

"We are going away, mademoiselle," said Atlee, with a melancholy tone.

"And who are 'We,' Sir?"

"By 'We,' mademoiselle, I meant to convey Walpole and myself." And now he spoke with the irritation of one who had felt a pull-up.

"Ah, indeed!" said she, smiling, and showing her pearly teeth. "'We' meant Mr. Walpole and Mr. Atlee."

"You should never have guessed it?" cried he, in question.

"Never—certainly," was her cool rejoinder.

"Well! *He* was less defiant, or mistrustful, or whatever be the name for it. We were only friends of half an hour's growth when he proposed the journey. He asked me to accompany him as a favor; and he did more, mademoiselle: he confided to me a mission—a very delicate and confidential mission—such an office as one does not usually depute to him of whose fidelity or good faith he has a doubt, not to speak of certain smaller qualities, such as tact and good taste."

"Of whose possession Mr. Atlee is now asserting himself," said she, quietly.

He grew crimson at a sarcasm whose impassiveness made it all the more cutting.

"My mission was in this wise, mademoiselle," said he, with a forced calm in his manner. "I was to learn from Mademoiselle Kostalergi if she should desire to communicate with Mr. Walpole touching certain family interests in which his counsels might be of use; and in this event I was to place at her disposal an address by which her letters should reach him."

"No, Sir," said she, quietly, "you have totally mistaken any instructions that were given you. Mr. Walpole never pretended that I had written or was likely to write to him; he never said that he was in any way concerned in family questions that pertained to me: least of all did he presume to suppose that if I had occasion to address him by letter, I should do so under cover to another."

"You discredit my character of envoy, then?" said he, smiling easily.

"Totally and completely, Mr. Atlee; and I only wait for you yourself to admit that I am right, to hold out my hand to you, and say let us be friends."

"I'd perjure myself twice at such a price. Now for the hand."

"Not so fast—first the confession," said she, with a faint smile.

"Well, on my honor," cried he, seriously, "he told me he hoped you might write to him. I did not clearly understand about what, but it pointed to some matter in which a family interest was mixed up, and that you might like your communication to have the reserve of secrecy."

"All this is but a modified version of what you were to disavow."

"Well, I am only repeating it now to show you how far I am going to perjure myself."

"That is, you see, in fact, that Mr. Walpole could never have presumed to give you such instructions—that gentlemen do not send such messages to young ladies—do not presume to say that they dare do so; and last of all, if they ever should chance upon one whose nice tact and cleverness would have fitted him to be the bearer of such a commission, those same qualities of tact and cleverness would have saved him from undertaking it. That is what you see, Mr. Atlee, is it not?"

"You are right. I see it all." And now he seized her hand and kissed it as though he had won the right to that rapturous enjoyment.

She drew her hand away, but so slowly and so gently as to convey nothing of rebuke or displeasure. "And so you are going away?" said she, softly.

"Yes; Walpole has some pressing reason to be at once in Dublin. He is afraid to make the journey without a doctor; but rather than risk delay in sending for one, he is willing to take *me* as his body surgeon, and I have accepted the charge."

The frankness with which he said this seemed to influence her in his favor, and she said, with a tone of like candor: "You are right. His family are people of influence, and will not readily forget such a service."

Though he winced under the words, and showed that it was not exactly the mode in which he wanted his courtesy to be regarded, she took no account of the passing irritation, but went on:

"If you fancy you know something about me, Mr. Atlee, *I* know far more about *you*. Your chum, Dick Kearney, has been so outspoken as to his friend, that my cousin Kate and I have been accustomed to discuss you like a near acquaintance—what am I saying?—I mean like an old friend."

"I am very grateful for this interest; but will you kindly say what is the version my friend Dick has given of me? what are the lights that have fallen upon my humble character?"

"Do you fancy that either of us have time at this moment to open so large a question? Would not the estimate of Mr. Joseph Atlee be another mode of discussing the times we live in, and the young gentlemen more or less ambitious, who want to influence them? would not the question embrace every thing, from the difficulties of Ireland to the puzzling embarrassments of a clever young man who has every thing in his favor in life, except the only thing that makes life worth living for?"

"You mean fortune—money?"

"Of course I mean money. What is so powerless as poverty? Do I not know it—not of yesterday, or the day before, but for many a long year? What so helpless, what so jarring to temper, so dangerous to all principle, and so subversive of all dignity? I can afford to say these things, and you can afford to hear them, for there is a sort of brotherhood between us. We claim the same land for our origin. Whatever our birth-place, we are both Bohemians!"

She held out her hand as she spoke, and with such an air of cordiality and frankness that Joe caught the spirit of the action at once, and bending over, pressed his lips to it, as he said, "I seal the bargain."

"And swear to it?"

"I swear to it," cried he.

"There, that is enough. Let us go back, or rather, let me go back alone. I will tell them I have seen you, and heard of your approaching departure."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWO "KEARNEYS."

A VISIT to his father was not usually one of those things that young Kearney either speculated on with pleasure beforehand, or much enjoyed when it came. Certain measures of decorum, and some still more pressing necessities of economy, required that he should pass some months of every year at home; but they were always seasons looked forward to with a mild terror, and, when the time drew nigh, met with a species of dogged fierce resolution that certainly did not serve to lighten the burden of the infliction; and though Kate's experience of this temper was not varied by any exceptions, she would still go on looking with pleasure for the time of his visit, and plotting innumerable little schemes for enjoyment while he should remain. The first day or two after his arrival usually went over pleasantly enough. Dick came back full of his town life and its amusements, and Kate was quite satisfied to accept gayety at second-hand. He had so much to say of balls, and picnics, and charming rides in the Phœnix, of garden-parties in the beautiful environs of Dublin, or more pretentious entertainments that took the shape of excursions to Bray or Killiney. She came at last to learn all his friends and acquaintances by name, and never confounded the stately beauties that he worshiped afar off with the "awfully jolly girls" whom he flirted with quite irresponsibly. She knew, too, all about his male companions, from the flash young fellow-commoner from Downshire, who had a saddle-horse and a mounted groom waiting for him every day after morning lecture, down to that scampish Joe Atlee, with whose scrapes and eccentricities he filled many an idle hour.

Independently of her gift as a good listener, Kate would very willingly have heard all Dick's adventures and descriptions not only twice but tenth-told: just as the child listens with unwearied attention to the fairy tale whose end he is well aware of, but still likes the little detail falling fresh upon his ear, so would this young girl make him go over some narrative she knew by heart, and would not suffer him to omit the slightest incident or most trifling circumstance that heightened the interest of the story.

As to Dick, however, the dull monotony of the daily life, the small and vulgar interests of the house or the farm, which formed the only topics, the undergrowl of economy that ran through every conversation, as though penuriousness was the great object of existence—but, perhaps, more than all these together, the early hours—so overcame him that he at first became low-spirited, and then sulky, seldom appearing save at meal-times, and certainly contributing little to the pleasure of the meeting: so that at last, though she might not easily have been brought to the confession, Kate Kearney saw the time of Dick's departure approach without regret, and was actually glad to be relieved from that terror of a rupture between her father and her brother of which not a day passed without a menace.

Like all men who aspire to something in Ireland, Kearney desired to see his son a barrister: for great as are the rewards of that high career, they are not the fascinations which appeal most strongly to the squirearchy, who love to think that a country gentleman may know a little law and be never the richer for it—may have acquired a profession, and yet never known what was a client or what a fee.

That Kearney of Kilgobbin Castle should be reduced to tramping his way down the Bachelors' Walk to the Four Courts, with a stuff bag carried behind him, was not to be thought of; but there were so many positions in life, so many situations for which that gifted creature the barrister of six years' standing was alone eligible, that Kearney was very anxious his son should be qualified to accept that £1000 or £1800 a year which a gentleman could hold without any shadow upon his capacity, or the slightest reflection on his industry.

Dick Kearney, however, had not only been living a very gay life in town, but, to avail himself of a variety of those flattering attentions which this interested world bestows by preference on men of some pretension, had let it be believed that he was the heir to a very considerable estate, and, by great probability, also to a title. To have admitted that he thought it necessary to follow any career at all would have been to abdicate these pretensions, and so he evaded that question of the law in all discussions with his father, sometimes affecting to say he had not made up his mind, or that he had scruples of conscience about a barrister's calling, or that he doubted whether the Bar of Ireland was not, like most high institutions, going to be abolished by Act of Parliament, and all the litigation of the land be done by deputy in Westminster Hall.

On the morning after the visitors took their departure from Kilgobbin, old Kearney, who usually relapsed from any exercise of hospitality into a more than ordinary amount of parsimony, sat thinking over the various economies by which the domestic budget could be squared, and after a very long séance with old Gill, in which the question of raising some rents and diminishing certain bounties was discussed, he sent up the steward to Mr. Richard's room to say he wanted to speak to him.

Dick at the time of the message was stretched full length on a sofa, smoking a meerschaum, and speculating how it was that the "swells" took to Joe Atlee, and what they saw in that confounded snob, instead of himself. Having in a degree satisfied himself that Atlee's success was all owing to his intense and outrageous flattery, he was startled from his reverie by the servant's entrance.

"How is he this morning, Tim?" asked he, with a knowing look. "Is he fierce—is there any thing up—have the heifers been passing the night in the wheat, or has any one come over from Moate with a bill?"

"No, Sir, none of them; but his blood's up about something. Ould Gill is gone down the stair, swearing like mad, and Miss Kate is down the road, with a face like a turkey-cock."

"I think you'd better say I was out, Tim—that you couldn't find me in my room."

"I daren't, Sir. He saw that little Skye terrier of yours below, and he said to me, 'Mr. Dick is sure to be at home; tell him I want him immediately.'"

"But if I had a bad headache, and couldn't leave my bed, wouldn't that be excuse enough?"

"It would make him come here. And if I was you, Sir, I'd go where I could get away myself, and not where he could stay as long as he liked."

"There's something in that. I'll go, Tim. Say I'll be down in a minute."

Very careful to attire himself in the humblest costume of his wardrobe, and specially mindful that neither studs nor watch-chain should offer offensive matter of comment, he took his way toward the dreary little den, which, filled with old top-boots, driving-whips, garden implements, and fishing-tackle, was known as "the lord's study," but whose sole literary ornament was a shelf of antiquated almanacs. There was a strange grimness about his father's aspect which struck young Kearney as he crossed the threshold. His face wore the peculiar sardonic expression of one who had not only hit upon an expedient, but achieved a surprise, as he held an open letter in one hand and motioned with the other to a seat.

"I've been waiting till these people were gone, Dick—till we had a quiet house of it—to say a few words to you. I suppose your friend Atlee is not coming back here?"

"I suppose not, Sir."

"I don't like him, Dick; and I'm much mistaken if he is a good fellow."

"I don't think he is actually a bad fellow, Sir. He is often terribly hard up and has to do scores of shifty things, but I never found him out in any thing dishonorable or false."

"That's a matter of taste, perhaps. Maybe you and I might differ about what was honorable or what was false. At all events, he was under our roof here, and if those nobs—or swells, I believe you call them—were like to be of use to any of us, we, the people that were entertaining them, were the first to be thought of; but your pleasant friend thought differently, and made such good use of his time that he cut you out altogether, Dick—he left you nowhere."

"Really, Sir, it never occurred to me till now to take that view of the situation."

"Well, take that view of it now, and see how you'll like it! *you* have your way to work in life as well as Mr. Atlee. From all I can judge, you're scarcely as well calculated to do it as he is. You have not his smartness, you have not his brains, and you have not his impudence—and faith, I'm much mistaken but it's the best of the three!"

"I don't perceive, Sir, that we are necessarily pitted against each other at all."

"Don't you? Well, so much the worse for you if you don't see that every fellow that has nothing in the world is the rival of every other fellow that's in the same plight. For every one that swims, ten, at least, sink."

"Perhaps, Sir, to begin, I never fully realized the first condition. I was not exactly aware that I was without any thing in the world."

"I'm coming to that, if you'll have a little patience. Here is a letter from Tom M'Keown, of Abbey Street. I wrote to him about raising a few hundreds on mortgage, to clear off some of our debts, and have a trifle in hand for drainage and to buy stock, and he tells me that there's no use in going to any of the money-lenders so long as your extravagance continues to be the talk of the town. Ay, you needn't grow red nor frown that way. The letter was a private one to myself, and I'm only telling it to you in confidence. Hear what he says: 'You have a right to make your son a fellow-commoner if you like, and he has a right, by his father's own showing, to behave like a man of fortune; but neither of you have a right to believe that men who advance money will accept these pretensions as good security, or think any thing but the worse of you both for your extravagance.'"

"And you don't mean to horsewhip him, Sir?" burst out Dick.

"Not, at any rate, till I pay off two thousand pounds that I owe him, and two years' interest at six per cent., that he has suffered me to become his debtor for."

"Lame as he is, I'll kick him before twenty-four hours are over."

"If you do, he'll shoot you like a dog, and it wouldn't be the first time he handled a pistol. No, no, Master Dick. Whether for better or worse, I can't tell, but the world is not what it was when I was your age. There's no provoking a man to a duel nowadays; nor no posting him when he won't fight. Whether it's your fortune is damaged or your feelings hurt, you must look to the law to redress you; and to take your cause into your own hands is to have the whole world against you."

"And this insult is then to be submitted to?"

"It is, first of all, to be ignored. It's the same as if you never heard it. Just get it out of your head, and listen to what he says. Tom M'Keown is one of the keenest fellows I know; and he has business with men who know not only what's doing in Downing Street, but what's going to be done there. Now here's two things that are about to take place: one is the same as done, for it's all ready prepared—the taking away the landlord's right, and making the State determine what rent the tenant shall pay, and how long his tenure will be. The second won't come for two sessions after, but it will be law all the same. There's to be no primogeniture class at all, no entail on land, but a subdivision, like in America, and, I believe, in France."

"I don't believe it, Sir. These would amount to a revolution."

"Well, and why not? Ain't we always going through a sort of mild revolution? What's parliamentary government but revolution, weakened, if you like, like watered grog, but the spirit is there all the same. Don't fancy that, because you can give it a hard name, you can destroy it. But hear what Tom is coming to. 'Be early,' says he; 'take time by the forelock; get rid of your entail, and get rid of your land. Don't wait till the Government does both for you, and have to accept whatever condition the law will cumber you with, but be before them! Get your son to join you in docking the entail; petition before the court for a sale, yourself or somebody for you; and wash your hands clean of it all. It's bad property, in a very ticklish country,' says Tom—and he dashes the words—'bad property, in a very ticklish country; and, if you take my advice, you'll get clear of both.' You shall read it all yourself by-and-by; I am only giving you the substance of it, and none of the reasons."

"This is a question for very grave consideration, to say the least of it. It is a bold proposal."

"So it is, and so says Tom himself; but he adds, 'There's no time to be lost; for once it gets about how Gladstone's going to deal with land, and what Bright has in his head for eldest sons, you might as well whistle as try to dispose of that property.' To be sure, he says," added he, after a pause—"he says, 'If you insist on holding on, if you cling to the dirty acres because they were your father's and your great-grandfather's, and if you think that being Kearney of Kilgobbin is a sort of title, in the name of God stay where you are, but keep down your expenses. Give up some of your useless servants, reduce your saddle-horses'—*my* saddle-horses, Dick! 'Try if you can live without fox-hunting.'—Fox-hunting! 'Make your daughter know that she needn't dress like a duchess'—poor Kitty's very like a duchess; 'and, above all, persuade your lazy, idle, and very self-sufficient son to take to some respectable line of life to gain his living. I wouldn't say that he mightn't be an apothecary; but if he liked law better than physic, I might be able to do something for him in my own office.'"

"Have you done, Sir?" said Dick, hastily, as his father wiped his spectacles, and seemed to prepare for another heat.

"He goes on to say that he always requires one hundred and fifty guineas fee with a young man; 'but we are old friends, Maurice Kearney,' says he, 'and we'll make it pounds.'"

"To fit me to be an attorney!" said Dick, articulating each word with a slow and almost savage determination.

"Faith! it would have been well for us if one of the family had been an attorney before now. We'd never have gone into that action about the mill-race, nor had to pay those heavy damages for leveling Moore's barn. A little law would have saved us from evicting those blackguards at Mullenalick, or kicking Mr. Hall's bailiff before witnesses."

To arrest his father's recollection of the various occasions on which his illegality had betrayed him into loss and damage, Dick blurted out, "I'd rather break stones on the road than I'd be an attorney."

"Well, you'll not have to go far for employment, for they're just laying down new metal this moment, and you needn't lose time over it," said Kearney, with a wave of his hand, to show that the audience was over and the conference ended.

"There's just one favor I would ask, Sir," said Dick, with his hand on the lock.

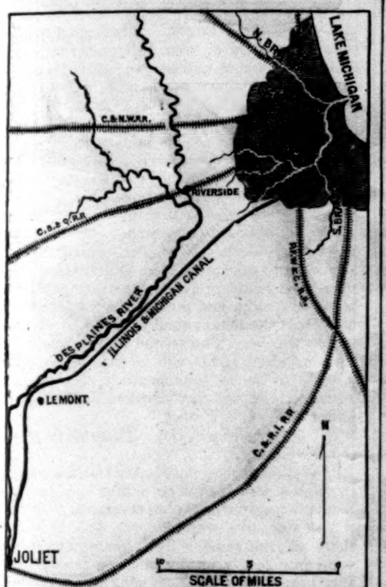
"You want a hammer, I suppose," said his father, with a grin—"isn't *that* it?"

With something that, had it been uttered aloud, sounded very like a bitter malediction, Dick rushed from the room, slamming the door violently after him as he went.

"That's the temper that helps a man to get on in life," said the old man, as he turned once more to his accounts, and set to work to see where he had blundered in his figures.

A GRAND ENTERPRISE.

THE city of Chicago has grown up on the banks of a river forking into North and South Branches, the chief peculiarity of which was that it rarely knew which way to run. With a strong freshet from up-country it would pursue a feeble course toward the lake; but at other times it exhibited the most piggish obstinacy and sluggishness, and refused to move either way. Being the receptacle of the city drainage, the river was a terrible nuisance during the hot weather. Its waters were as black and slimy as the current of a sewer, and the most offensive and pestilential odors arose from them, so that the air of the city and country in the direction of the wind was unendurable.



MAP SHOWING CONNECTION OF LAKE MICHIGAN WITH DES PLAINES RIVER.

To remedy this evil enormous pumping engines were made to lift the waters of the South Branch into the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which connects with a branch of the Mississippi. But this proved to be an expensive as well as only a partial remedy. Another plan was then projected and carried out. This was nothing less than cutting down the summit level of the canal, so as to establish a natural flow backward from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi. This great work has been successfully accomplished, and by the time this paper is issued the clear, sweet waters of the lake will pour through the city and take their course toward the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. The map which accompanies this article shows the course of the canal from Chicago to Joliet, on the Des Plaines River, a distance of thirty miles, with a gradual fall of twenty feet. The depth of water in the canal varies from seven and a half to nine feet. The flow of the current will be about three-quarters of a mile per hour. The engraving on page 669 shows the cutting away of one of the old locks which were necessary before the change of current.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A RECENT number of *The Academy* contains a notice, by KEITH JOHNSTON, Jun., of a collection of essays by OSCAR PESCHEL, composed of a series of articles published in *Ausland*, a weekly journal of geography and anthropology, of which Dr. PESCHEL was editor until quite recently, when he was succeeded by Dr. BOCMEISTER. The subjects discussed in these essays consist of certain problems in comparative geography, in this instance restricted more to the purely physical conditions of the earth than is the case in the well-known work of CARL RITTER, which PESCHEL thinks should be entitled "Geographical Theology; or, an Attempt to Penetrate the Design of the Creator from a Study of His Works." Various subjects are treated of in this series, among the more noteworthy of which, according to Mr. JOHNSTON, may be mentioned that on the formation of fiords, which are deep and precipitous cuttings into a steep coast, generally at a high angle, and are usually aggregated together considerably wherever they occur. They are found only on the coasts of Europe and America, and mostly on west or north coasts, being confined in Europe to regions north of the fifty-first parallel; on the east coast of America to the forty-fourth, and on the west coast to above the forty-eighth degree. In the southern hemisphere no fiords occur within a limit of forty-one degrees from the equator. On a careful examination of these fiords, their bounds are found to agree with the winter isothermal lines, none of them occurring in any warmer zone than that shut off by a yearly temperature of 50° Fahr. Within this space, however, they never fail to appear where a steep coast-line and heavy rain-fall are seen to exist together. In general they are either channels through which glaciers find their way at present to the sea, or show marks of having been formerly occupied by them.

In answer to the question whether these physical features may not have been produced by glaciers, Dr. PESCHEL responds that they mark the outlines of a former and now retreating glacial covering, which has protected these remains of still earlier upheavals from the weathering and degradation which has befallen any such raised and broken surfaces in warmer regions.

In another essay Dr. PESCHEL opposes the theory of the existence of mountains and valleys in the sea bed corresponding to the inequalities of this character observed on the land, and maintains that every island is either the unsubmerged height of a sinking portion of the continent nearest to which it lies, identifiable as a former portion of the main-land by its geological structure, its fauna, or its flora, or else that it has been independently raised by volcanic force or by the labors of the coral insect.

In another chapter Dr. PESCHEL opposes the idea that the mountain ranges have been formed by outbursts of incandescent lava; but finds in chemistry the power needed for the result, especially in the combinations of carbonic acid and silica, which produce a chemical change resulting in a reduction in the specific gravity, and a considerable increase in the volume of the mass.

From a careful study of the subject, Dr. PESCHEL thinks he can show that since the tertiary period the continents have tended to add to their extent northward and westward, and to lose by submergence to the south and east, the gain in the one case being exactly counterbalanced by the loss in the other, the proportions of land and water remaining the same. He also considers it to be a popular fallacy that the destruction of forests reduces the rain-fall on the land, and thinks it useless to attempt planting in those countries in which woods have not flourished naturally in historic times. This idea, however, Mr. JOHNSTON very sensibly opposes as being entirely contrary to well-established facts.

Whether owing to increased importations, or to the use of machines for making ice artificially, the London papers advertise this substance at what they consider the extraordinarily low rate of about $1 40 per hundred pounds. This, however, would not be considered a low figure in our country, especially at the present time, when it can be purchased in New England at about from ten to fifteen cents for the same quantity.

Although no formal action has been taken in regard to supplying the Connecticut River with black bass, as has been the case with the Delaware, Schuylkill, Potomac, and other streams, this result has been accomplished by an accident, several gentlemen having stocked certain fish-ponds with this valuable fish, which were emptied (by a flood, several years ago), with their contents, into the Connecticut. Since then the young fish have made their appearance in the river in large quantity, and it is likely that before long the supply will be abundant.

According to the *Scientific Review*, the London International Exhibition of 1871, which opened on the 1st of May last, has proved a decided failure, far from realizing the expectations of its projectors. The only portion worthy of inspection even, according to the above journal, is the pottery department, and most of this is monopolized by one or two manufacturers whose wares are of no great variety. Little attempt is made to explain any of the machinery or of the articles exhibited, and, as a whole, the exhibition contains little or nothing that is not perfectly familiar to the industrial or technical community.

Owing to various climatological causes, a remarkable decrease in the lower borders of the Swiss glaciers took place during the past year; and careful trigonometrical measurements of their summits revealed a corresponding depression. One ice peak in the Tyrolese Alps, which formerly was a little over 11,000 Vienna feet in height, has been reduced, within a few years past, to the extent of eighteen and a half English feet, leaving only three, instead of four, points in these Alps reaching the former altitude.

According to *Nature*, the Paris Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres has held no regular sittings for some time, although the meetings of the Academy of Science have, we believe, not been interrupted at any time. A special commission has been given to Mr. RENAN to inspect the ruins of the Parisian monuments which have been destroyed by the Communists. A commission has also been appointed by the Academy of Science to study the different processes used by the insurgents for burning the Tuileries, etc. Petroleum seems to have been generally employed, either soaked up in hay or placed in canisters. It was stated that petroleum had been thrown from fire-engines and then ignited, but this is believed to be incorrect.

A great demand for the English sparrow in various parts of the United States has induced their importation from England and Germany in large numbers; but in many instances where this has been done in large cages, most of the birds have died on the passage. In one instance in our recollection, where four hundred were placed in two cages, only seven were safely landed in New York. Persons who have given this subject their attention advise that the importations be made in long low cages, known as store cages, which are two or three feet long, about nine inches high, and twelve from back to front, with perches within two inches of the bottom. In a cage of this kind three or four dozen can, it is said, be readily transported, provided they be supplied with proper food, as well as with sand and fine gravel and plenty of water.

Professor MARSH, of Yale College, has just started out on a second expedition for scientific exploration and discovery in the far West, which we trust will be still more fruitful in interesting results than the first one, which brought to light so many extraordinary forms of fossil animals, that have been briefly described by him in the *American Journal of Science*, and referred to from time to time in our pages. His party for the present season will consist of thirteen besides himself, embracing quite a number of his companions of last year, and it is his intention to spend five or six months in searching the cretaceous and tertiary strata of the Rocky Mountain region and the Pacific coast for vertebrate fossil remains. With the experience of the past year and ample facilities, he expects to make very extensive collections.

The New York Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries seem unwearied in their efforts to stock the waters of the State with the best varieties of fish. Among other results obtained by them has been the hatching out during the past season of 3,000,000 shad eggs, or three times the total catch of the Hudson River. They have also bred several millions of white-fish, and a million of salmon-trout, while of such fish as black bass, pike, perch, and other varieties, they have supplied large numbers to those who would take and protect them. The period of their appointment will expire in the course of a year; but by that time, even if the commission should not be renewed, they will have made a most important impression upon the subject of the production of the fresh-water food supply.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Is there in nature a cure for every ill to which flesh is heir? And will medical investigation or some fortuitous circumstance finally discover one and all of them? Since cundurango has been found to be a remedy for hitherto incurable cancer, the medical profession may hopefully expect other equally important curative discoveries. Cundurango is a plant which grows in Ecuador, being found only on the highest peaks of the mountains. It is a large, bushy shrub, bearing a poisonous fruit. An Indian woman of Ecuador, wishing to poison her husband, who was suffering greatly from cancer, made a decoction of the wood—the fruit being out of season—and administered it to him. Strange to say, the man recovered from the disease. The remarkable cure excited the attention of physicians, and finally of the government of Ecuador, and a few pounds were sent to the State Department at Washington about three months ago. Experiments indicate that the article is a genuine specific for the dreaded and dreadful cancer. But the supply was small and soon exhausted, and applicants became clamorous for more. Dr. Bliss, of Washington, sent an order for five hundred pounds of cundurango to a business house in Guayaquil. But the plant was not an article of commerce, and it was found to be impossible to obtain it by the ordinary commercial methods. Consequently a special agent has been dispatched to obtain a supply. It is, however, a difficult task to obtain the cundurango. The roads of the Loja district, where it grows, are rough and unfrequented, and the natives are suspicious of foreigners, and disposed to throw every obstacle in their way. Moreover, the rainy season is not yet over, and the streams are swollen and dangerous to cross. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, a large supply is expected to be gathered in season to reach New York by the Aspinwall steamers which are due on the 1st and 15th of August.

There is likely to be no lack of peaches this year. The recent estimate of the Peach Growers' Association, which met at Dover, Delaware, was 3,315,000 baskets. As they made an estimate last year, and, though the crop was afterward damaged, the actual amount forwarded by rail was not less than 88,000 baskets more than the estimate, we may expect an abundance of this luscious fruit from the peninsula.

A caricature of the Commune, vivid and vigorous in delineation, has just been brought out by Mr. George Cruikshank, whose etchings have become classical. A fiend with hoofs and horns, in a blood-stained cap of liberty, with a flask of brandy on one side of his belt and a flask of petroleum on the other, brandishing a dripping dagger and a flag surmounted by a death's-head, is depicted dancing with infernal glee among the mangled bodies and smoking cinders of the burning city. This is the "leader of the Parisian Blood-Red Republic," and the flag bears this inscription: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; Atheism, or a disbelief in God; seizure of all property; and death to all who oppose the Red Republic." The cartoon is headed, "An awful lesson to the world for all time to come;" and below is a suggestion for the suppression of "Red Republicans" in England.

It is announced in England that the Queen's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, is to be married to a daughter of the King of Denmark, a sister of the Princess of Wales. As the young lady, though of royal blood, has no dowry, the Duke, who is a life pensioner on the British nation to the amount of $75,000 a year, will doubtless expect an increase of his pension when he is married. The Queen will probably apply to Parliament for a dowry, her own little private fortune of something like $15,000,000 being too small to be touched on such an occasion. Intense disapprobation among the working classes is anticipated.

A little eight-year-old girl settled the question of the propriety of wearing ear-rings the other day by declaring that if it had not been "wicked" to wear them "God would have made holes in our ears."

The Bombay journals believe that Dr. Livingstone will be in great danger, on his return journey, from the Arab traders, and they advocate sending an expedition to Lake Yanganyika in search of him.

One of the brightest pupils at the institution for the deaf and dumb at Raleigh, North Carolina, is a daughter of one of the Siamese Twins.

The "oldest woman" in Maine, Mrs. Bertha Foster, is over 107 years of age. Since her one-hundredth birthday she has both spun and knit. For one pair of stockings knit since that time she has received $5. She has been able to read until within a few years, and to walk quite well until very recently, when she fell, and has since been obliged to keep her bed. She still retains her mental faculties to a remarkable degree.

We do not suppose that there will be one less fire-cracker or pistol fired next Fourth of July from any publicity which might be given to the disasters which happened this year. Yet it may possibly lead a few to exercise more care in the use of explosives to reflect upon the long list of lacerated arms and legs, the disfigured faces, and the deaths by accidents which the "Glorious Fourth" produced. The number of *hands* mutilated on that occasion affords subject for serious reflection, and will not be soon forgotten by sundry children and parents.

The following incident is told in connection with Napias-Piquet, one of the most remarkable men of the Paris insurrection: Piquet was placed in the delicate and dangerous position of mayor at Passy during the latter days of the insurrection. He had, however, not only power there, but was of much weight in the Commune councils. To him was largely due the financial promptness of the insurrectionary leaders. He could find money, by legitimate or violent means, when no one else could. He was also extremely violent in his desires for an attack on property, and formed the plan of burning all the papers of the various credit societies, the notaries, and the great corporations, that the Paris world might start anew. One day, after his plan for burning all these immensely valuable papers had been mentioned in the Commune, a well-known French gentleman having no sympathy with the insurrection, but to whom Piquet was deeply indebted for past services, went to see the fiery attacker of property. He was accompanied by an American, to give character to his visit, which he feared might result in his arrest and incarceration as a hostage. Piquet received them with the most friendly cordiality. In the course of conversation the Communist said, "Yes, we intend to burn every paper in every important business establishment, public and private, all archives, and every record which has any value to the rich and those who have been powerful." The Frenchman delicately interposed the thought that the Commune would do much better to carefully put its seals upon all buildings containing these papers and to preserve the records of past iniquities, and then to publish to the world all the documentary evidence of what he (Piquet) asserted. To this the socialist did not at first listen; but he finally said he would consider it, and next day seals were placed on offices of various public and private corporations. Then came the crushing stroke of M'Mahon's entry, and the Frenchman who had reasoned with Piquet had, by a little stroke of finesse, saved to Paris the destruction of paper involving interests of thousands of millions of francs. Had he attempted to threaten Piquet he would have incurred the greatest danger, but he simply forced him to procrastination. Piquet was among the first to fall under the bullets of the Versailles soldiery.

The obituary record of the past six months will place Philadelphia among the places remarkable for the longevity of its inhabitants. Since January, 1871, there have appeared in the columns of the *Public Ledger* the notices of the death of no less than 280 persons who had lived to or beyond the advanced age of eighty years. Of these forty-nine reached the age of ninety or more, and five lived to over one hundred years. Two persons—a man, native of Ireland, and a Scotchwoman—could count their one hundred and five years.

An old Vermont farmer has just completed a musical calendar clock, the work of his spare hours during the last eight years. It is really a wonderful piece of mechanism, and has attracted visitors from far and near. It is an eight-day clock. The dial marks the second, minute, hour, day of the week, day of the month, month, and year; a thermometer rests against its pendulum, giving the state of temperature; the ball of the pendulum contains a miniature time-piece, which derives its motive power solely from its vibrations, and keeps accurate time. There is also a cylinder musical attachment, which may be set to play any one of seven tunes at the end of each hour. In this last feature it can be so adjusted—and such was the intention of the maker—as to play "Old Hundred" at the end of each hour on Sunday, and "Old Folks at Home," "Swiss Waltz," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and "Sweet Home," respectively, on each successive day of the week. The entire mechanism is placed in a black-walnut case, which measures ten feet high, twenty inches wide, and ten inches deep. The case is highly polished, and its front bears the inscription in raised letters, "Our Union Forever, U. S."

The Kentucky giant, Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, and the Nova Scotia giantess, Miss Anna Hanen Swann, were recently "made one" in London. Their united height is about seventeen feet—the bridegroom, unfortunately, being only eight feet, which made it necessary for the shrinking bride to stoop for the nuptial kiss. Of course the captain did not feel quite at his ease under the circumstances, and looked up to the lady for aid and support during the ceremony. The officiating clergyman was only six feet three inches.

The great altar in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette is mutilated, and the bronze group which surmounted it, and which cost 80,000 francs, has been thrown down and broken. It consisted of a *Mater Dolorosa* supporting the body of Christ, and two kneeling angels. Two marble figures were also pulled down with cords, and greatly injured.

All physicians, as well as all other intelligent persons who have ever thought about the matter, agree in believing that the common custom of rapid eating is injurious to health. One of the most pleasant and effectual remedies for this evil is to make the breakfast, dinner, and tea hour the time for cheerful, genial, social chat. Business affairs should be excluded from table in general, and light, agreeable topics introduced. Cheerful chatting is an excellent digestive.

The central and southern provinces of Persia are in a state of destitution and misery, caused by the drought of last year. People are dying of hunger even in the streets of the capital, and this is but a small part of the terrible calamity. Parents are selling their children as slaves to keep them alive; the wretched sufferers try to support life on grass and roots; and men have been seized in the act of digging up corpses to serve as food to their starving families.

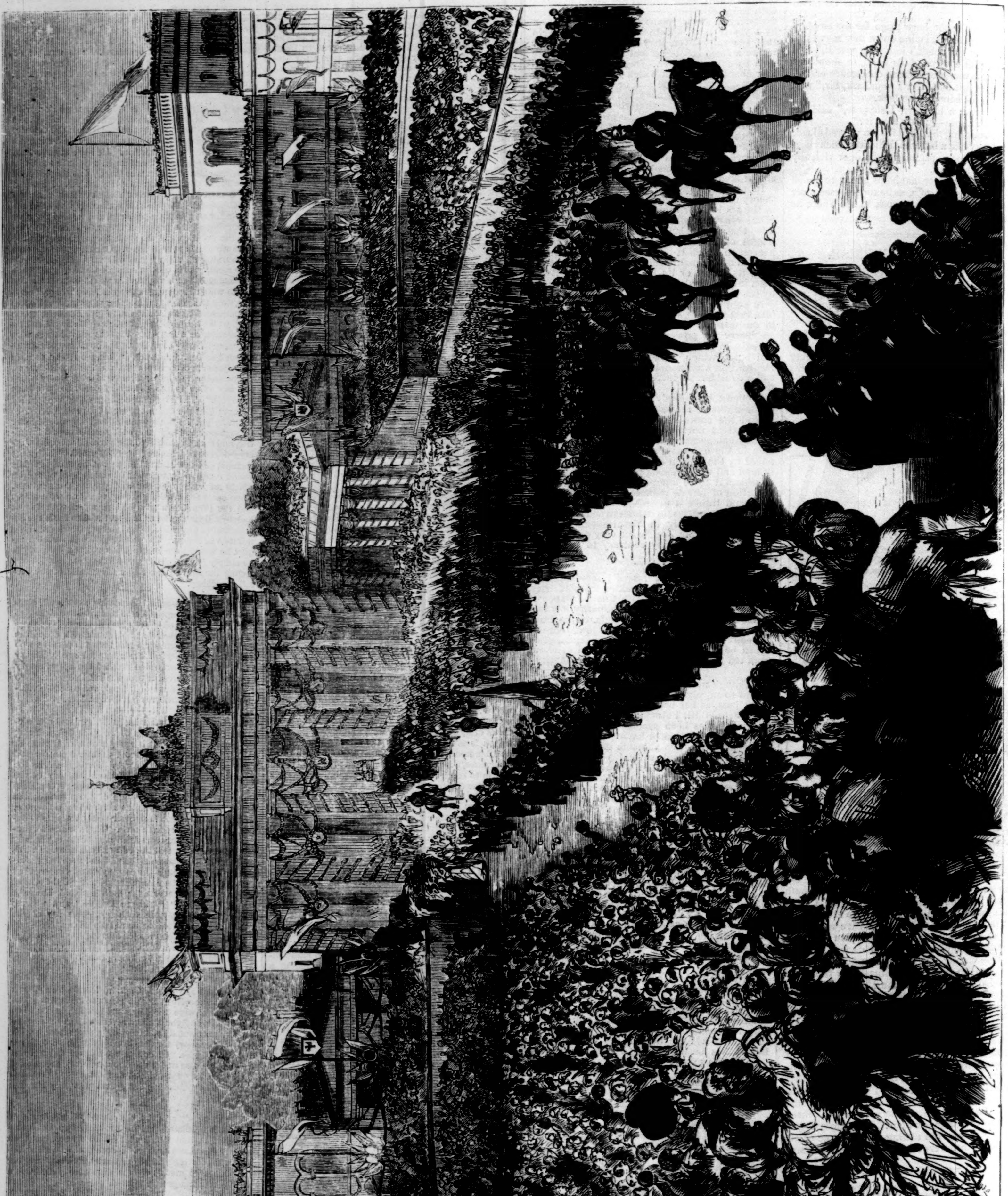
THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

Berlin, *June* 16, 1871.

The morning breaks with flashes of gold and red and purest blue, and I watch it touching the great dome, and the palace roof, and then glowing over the beautiful silent city. Day after day I have been watching the workmen at their toil, raising columns, standards, statues, wreaths, transparencies, fire-work fixtures. The last sound I remember last night was that of the hammers giving their final touches to the now completed arrangements; and now the dawn of as beautiful a June day as ever shone brings for each banner a glowing tint, and a light cool breeze to unfurl its beauty. I look over all the superb public buildings, with their noble Greek pillars and porches, the Museum, the Library, the University, the Opera-house, the Palace—their sculptured gods and goddesses, muses and festal processions, all radiant with the joy of their god, whose chariot ascends in the east; and far away I see another city, one year ago the fairest of the earth, sitting amid the desolations, the blackened ruins, the crowded dungeons which make the drear counterpart of the gladness that reigns in Berlin to-day. The first sound I hear of the awakening city is a strain of "The Watch on the Rhine," sung by a chorus of young men's voices, and wafted now from among the lindens. I have come far, and journeyed day and night to see the final tableau of a great historic drama, to whose dread overture, as performed by the roar of artillery and the shrieks of dying men, I listened last summer in France, and I must not waste a sunbeam of my day.

A few steps bring me to Unter den Linden, with its beautiful avenue of trees, and along it the vast crowd is even now beginning to move. The birds seem to share in the general delight, and the lindens are vocal with their songs. I start on a long walk through the whole extent of Unter den Linden, turning to the left, and passing along the Queen Augusta Street. All this way is bordered with French guns. On each is written the name of the place where it was captured—Metz, Sedan, Paris, etc.; each is wreathed with evergreens. On each, too, is engraved some pretty name, such as the French love to give even to instruments of death—the Emerald, the Zephyr, the Sylph. The police being not yet fairly at their work, the youngsters of Berlin are having a fine time riding these guns as horses; and I wish they could never come to any worse use than that to which the little Arabs are putting them. In Unter den Linden there is a long line of mitrailleuses, and they furnish objects of endless curiosity to the country people. That rustic brother there, whose festival waistcoat has colors enough to be a contribution to the civic decorations, has spent ten minutes investigating a mitrailleuse. One after the other he has peered down each of the twenty-five holes which perforate its mouth, believing, apparently, that through some one of them he must surely behold a dead Turco or a

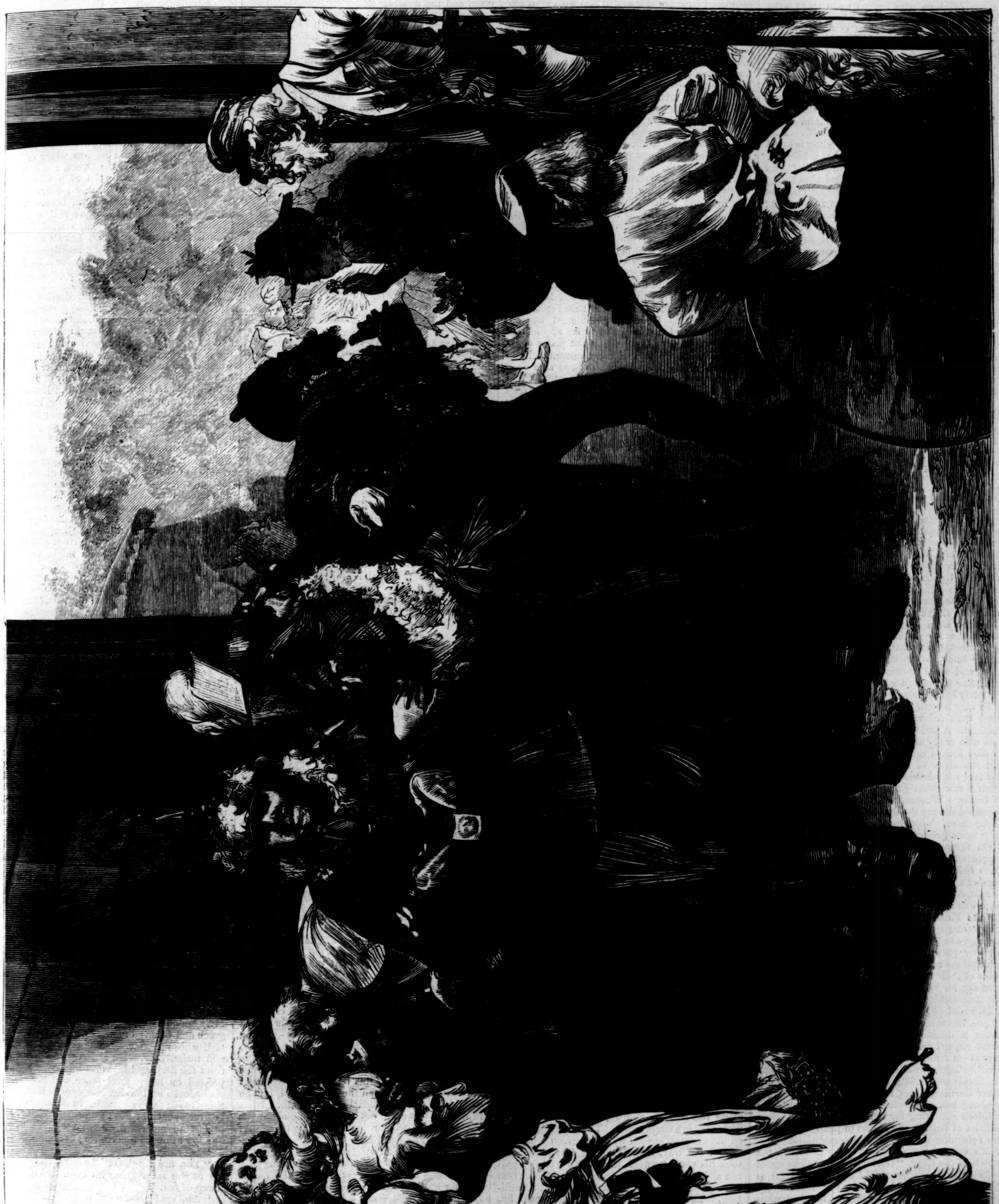


THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN—ENTRY THROUGH THE BRANDENBURG GATE.

captured emperor. Then he examines the other end. Undaunted, he puts the next mitrailleuse through the same course, and I leave him at his serious task. At the Potsdam Gate stood three colossal statues, one representing Germania, with sword in one hand and olive-branch in the other, and the others, I imagine, Metz and Strasburg. The Germania was near twenty feet high, and on a wide pedestal or platform as high again. These three statues were as white and beautiful as if carved by some master from marble. They were really composed of straw chopped fine, covered with linen, and then plastered thinly over. There were at many points of the city allegorical statues, all effective, and all made in the same way; while the busts of the King and of the royal family were so numerous that one would say they must be turned out by machines.

Very effective were the evergreen decorations. For many miles—in fact, along every street in Berlin—the festoons hung in graceful pendants; a large one generally covered by a small, so as to make them outline an interminable succession of shields; and they covered the houses from the ground to the roof—no small distance in a Berlin house. Mingled with these evergreen strands were frequently flowers, and nearly always either flags, ensigns, or carpets and rugs. This last feature of a festal decoration was quite new to me; and although the rugs and carpet patterns were of brilliant colors, being used chiefly on the lower walls of fine houses, they did give them an oddly commercial appearance. All along the route by which the procession was to pass there had been arranged seats wherever it was possible. Wherever a house stood a little back of the street the intervening space was filled with ascending tiers of seats. Every street that crossed Unter den Linden had arches over its points of contact, and these were covered with seats. Then the larger spaces around the Potsdam Gate, the Brandenburg Gate, the Pariser Platz, the University, the Opera-house, and the Schloss—all had arrangements for thousands of spectators. These places were called "tribunes," and the seats in them were all numbered and sold by ticket. The prices on Unter den Linden were very high. It is said that Dr. Russell, of the London *Times*, secured a place in a certain balcony commanding several views for a hundred guineas; but he did not arrive to enjoy it, having missed a train from Charing Cross. I can not vouch for the truth of that rumor, but I can vouch for many outrageous extortions having been practiced, the worst being the case of an American lady who was made to pay 112 thalers for her room for three days, because it overlooked the great street. The tribunes all along the streets were covered with crimson, and admirably adorned with evergreen; and with long lines of soldiery on the pavements in front of them, and parterres of gayly dressed ladies seated on them, the effect was simply magnificent.

The soldiers had a march of some ten English miles before reaching the city, which, the day being hot, was unfortunate. When they entered



THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN—VICTORS OFF DUTY.

the Brandenburg Gate, and were thus fairly in Berlin, the scene beggars description. There must have been around that spot—the Pariser Platz—20,000 people. Their cries of delight rent the air; they literally carpeted the road with flowers. When the old King made his appearance he was pelted with bouquets to the verge of discomfort. The bronzed soldiers seemed bewildered; some of them wept, and a vast number of those who looked upon them wept with most radiant and excited faces. The old King is usually rather red in complexion, but now he was pale. It was with a dignity whose chief element was a certain lowliness of manner that the old man ascended to the broad stand, carpeted and canopied with crimson, where he was to receive an address from a deputation of the young women of Berlin. The heartiest cheers that North Germans can give—and their best cheers are rather rasping—greeted him as he took his stand, and he bowed profoundly. And here let me say that the King is certainly beloved by the people, and has always been beloved. The most liberal and scholarly men in Berlin declare that he has many very admirable traits, that he treats the humble as graciously as the high-born, and that he has a tact in speaking just the right word, whether it be to a great man or to a child. He is credited with shrewdness in discovering the best man for any work, and never interferes with his agents unnecessarily. Thus when, during the war, MOLTKE consulted him, he generally said, "Does your Majesty think it would be best to do so and so?"—mentioning the course he (MOLTKE) wished to pursue. The King would always reply, "Nothing could more exactly meet my views." While there has been thus a good opinion of the King all along, just now when he appears as the defender, the victorious savior of united Germany, the people have for him an enthusiasm very similar to that which Americans felt for ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Carriages drawn severally by six and by four splendid coal-black horses dashed down the Linden avenue, the royal ladies in them bowing right and left. The princes dashed down on fine horses, giving the cheering crowds military salutes with their swords—holding them straight up by the head, and then waving them down. All these came to the great crimson stand. The Queen, dressed in white, and the princesses, to the number of two dozen—some little girls—dressed in white, pink, lilac, blue, made up an animated bouquet. The large group of young women representing the city were dressed in shining white, and were like stars against the crimson background. A beautiful Fräulein (BLÄSER by name) uttered a poetical address, hailing the King and his soldiers, and bidding him feel the warm pulses of all Germany beating for him as the representative of the Fatherland. The lines were gracefully and clearly spoken. Beside the King stood the Queen—one of the pleasantest, politest, and most sensible women living—and near her the Crown Princess, rather plain, and the Princess FREDERICK CARL, who has a fine figure and a very finely modeled face, but lately her complexion has changed. She used to be very beautiful, and still looks more like the sister than the mother of the eldest of her six children. A little back of the King were the two men who really are the kings of Germany; and as they looked upon the vast sea of happy faces and the array of beauty I could hardly detect any less seriousness or any more calmness than when I saw them gazing on the smoke and fire of battle. Wherever MOLTKE and BISMARCK appeared during the day they were cheered with enthusiasm. VON ROON was received, I thought, with more quietness.

On the pediments of the four columns which supported the canopy over the King were inscriptions chiefly from the song "What is the German's Fatherland?"—*Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein*, etc. On the front next the Brandenburg Gate was written, "In the great crisis upon which, for the Fatherland, all depended, there served that strong sense which raises the nation so high through every emergency, and deserves to be honored by peculiar memorials forever." Similar inscriptions met the eyes of the troops at every point of their march. Unter den Linden, I may here say for readers who have not seen it, is a street stretching for about a third of an English mile, broad enough to be considered three streets in one, the middle one being a wide promenade under a double row of lindens. Wherever a street crosses there was hung a great picture on canvas—a really fine painting, prepared by some artist. These works represented Prussia clasping hands with soldiers wearing the uniforms of other German states, those of Bavaria and Würtemberg being conspicuous; Germany with her children gathering for her defense; the terrible conflict of battle; the scenes of peace, the laborers returning to their several occupations. Beneath one of these pictures were inscribed the words of the King, "Germany is united as never before;" on another, "*Süd und Nord—Eins in Schwert und Wort.*" Every eye from every company was raised glistening to these pictures as they passed beneath them, and an unspeakable delight glowed upon every face.

Mr. BANCROFT had secured a vast tribune fronting the University for the many Americans who had come to Berlin to witness the festivities. Each could thus obtain what, on the whole, was the very best point of view in the city for a reasonable price. It was only one of the many important services rendered to his countrymen by one of the best ministers we have ever had in Europe. Mr. BANCROFT, with consummate intelligence and boundless *bonhomie*, entered into all the wishes of the necessarily exacting American sight-seers, who were further entertained by him and his accomplished lady at a handsome soirée. Before I close my reference to him I may say that it is with a pride which only Americans who have passed some time in the Old World can appreciate that one hears the many and cordial expressions of eminent Germans concerning him. "Your minister," said Professor LEPSIUS, "has not only won all our hearts by his good-will, and the honors of our Academy by his learning, but his presence has made a new era in our estimate of America. The King, MOLTKE, BISMARCK, VON ROON, all our greatest men, I have heard speak of him with even enthusiasm." Mr. BANCROFT's beautiful home on Regenten Strasse is the centre of a large hospitality, which must be very inadequately supported by any salary he has received, but the honor and position of the United States are by him held far above all private interests or considerations.

Taking my seat on the University tribune, I overlook the tremendous crowd. The great buildings, as far as the eye can see, are covered with human beings. The grand Opera-house, the Crown Prince's palace, the Library, the Palace, blossom with banners, and the gayly dressed masses seem like some great efflorescence under a tropical breath. Music fills the air at every moment. We have some time to wait here, and we pass it in watching the perpetual struggle of the mounted police to keep the main course clear. The crowd, pent up on one side or the other, now and then overflows, and a hundred or two rush wildly across the broad space, hoping to find a better foot-hold. They are received by a long line of police on foot, who send them back again. When they get back there is no place for them, and for some minutes they oscillate from one side to the other, the horsemen dashing among them to an extent that calls forth frantic screams from the frightened women. Once the crowd that broke its levées and poured across was so considerable that the police could not resist it. So two of them surrounded and captured a single aged man, dressed in a droll overcoat which almost reached the ground, and marched him back again to the place from which he had endeavored to escape with the rest. His captors had the air of men who though unable to right every wrong in the universe, had at least succeeded in reforming one small point of chaos. A great deal of enthusiasm was called forth by a young girl who alone left the front of the Opera-house, and walked slowly and coolly across the cleared space. There were many speculations as to what she meant to do, and how the police on our side would treat this lovely creature, who seemed unconscious of her daring; and there was general pleasure and applause when, having quietly gone up to the chief of police, he conversed with her a moment, and then gave her a good standing-place. A venerable woman, with two daughters and a son, did not fare so well with her *coup d'état*. They all got over into some waiting seats of our tribune. The custodians assured her that each seat there was owned, and that each cost five thalers. The matron argued that she had been there from a very early period, and ought to have good places for herself and family. This argument, though not convincing to our Cerberus, was so potent in her own mind that she utterly declined to move. Nor was it an easy thing to depose her by force, as it was six or seven feet to the pavement below, supposing her to be lifted over the railing. But our man was ingenious, and gently taking the youngest of her children, gave him into the arms of a confederate below, who deposited the weeping child on the ground. A storm of tears and outcries from the rest of the unhappy family attended this stratagem; but, as may be imagined, the custodians very soon had the pleasure of assisting the descent of the whole party.

But now there is a hush over the vast multitude; then the clangor of martial music. Soon the myriad eyes catch the gleam of long lines of helmets, flashing in the light to pure gold. Before them advance the great officers on their splendidly caparisoned steeds. They came in separate groups of about thirty, forty, fifty. Each advancing hero enjoys his ovation. The enthusiasm was at no time greater than when at the head of the front cavalry appeared the veteran General VON WRANGEL—over ninety years of age, but sitting his horse as erect as a sapling. How shall I describe the enthusiasm when the men appeared whose names have been for a year on every German's heart and tongue? VON MOLTKE, smooth-faced, lithe, and but for his gravity boyish in appearance; BISMARCK, VON ROON, BLUMENTHAL, riding stately and slow; the Crown Prince, Prince FREDERICK CARL, Prince ADELBERT, the princes and dukes of all the royal houses; all these advanced at the head of gleaming cohorts, and the tribunes, balconies, windows, were alive with waving foam of white handkerchiefs, while cheer after cheer broke along the line, up and down, heard far beyond where the eye could reach. The old King marched up, his path strewn with evergreen and flowers all the way, looking young and glad. He took his place between the Crown Prince's palace and the Opera-house tribune, and beside him were all the magnates of the land, civic and military. The Queen sat in her carriage near by. They were almost opposite us, and we could see them with ease. The march past then took place. Forty thousand of the soldiers who had made the greatest chapter of German history came, rank on rank, two hundred abreast, and the whole space before us, just now vacant, was a waving sea of bright helmets, bayonets, and raised swords. When Queen AUGUSTA's regiment was advancing, the King started from his place and rode swiftly several hundred yards to meet it; then rode before it until it came where the Queen was, who rose and stood up in her carriage while it passed. There were but a few mishaps. I saw half a dozen horses fall on the slippery pavement; and on one occasion a young lieutenant had a severe fall by the slipping of his horse. This officer, as I have just learned, died yesterday of the hurt he thus received. He had been through the severest of the battles, always in the thick of them, and received no wound, until the fatal hour came amid the splendor of victory.

When the march past had taken place I left my tribune and hastened on to the space in front of the Museum, where the King was to unveil the statue of the late king, FREDERICK WILLIAM III. This occasion was very brilliant, all the court and the generals gathering around. The veil was withdrawn amid the thunders of cannon. It was a fair enough looking equestrian statue, but it seemed to me very little like the authentic portraits we have of the late king. Moreover, I trust the time will arrive when the statues added to Berlin will be those of better men than WILLIAM III. It must be confessed that a stranger could hardly discover from the statues in Berlin that Germany ever had any great men other than soldiers.

M. D. CONWAY.

LOCHINVAR AT SALT LAKE.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

RESTING on this hill-side, look around and below, and say whether you have ever before seen a sight more beautiful. Beneath you spreads a green valley, girt by a perfect cincture of mountains, as exquisite in their outlines as any thing Greece itself can show, and crowned with snowy peaks which dazzle the eye as they pierce into the intensely blue heaven and flash back the brilliant sunlight. Far off on the right that sunlight glitters on the edge of a lake. In the middle of the valley is a city nestling among groves and rich in gardens. Amidst and over the white walls and the prodigal luxuriance of the foliage rises a huge dark-colored oblong dome—if such a phrase be correct—a vast roof, looking like the back of some prodigious turtle. One might fancy himself looking down upon some Syrian scene as he gazes on that town, with its groves, its gardens, its white walls, its flat roofs, and its one vast dome. From this enchantment-lending distance the spectator might well imagine that there, on the bosom of the loveliest valley, ramparted by the most glorious mountains in the world, stands the most picturesque city reared by human hands.

It is almost a pity that the traveler should ever have to descend into the town itself; for when once he gets there the illusion vanishes. His imagined Damascus turns into a mean and shabby little country town built upon a swamp. One long and straggling street, two or three small cross streets, and some decent suburbs, with substantial residences, make up the whole concern. In the principal thoroughfare there are perhaps half a dozen respectable shops; the rest are wretched shanties. One or two drapers' shops; one or two gun-makers', with a huge wooden gun projecting as a sign; several tobacconists'; a couple of chemists': these, with the post-office, the news-agents, and the hotels, make up the trade and commerce of the community. Nothing could well be more shabby, squalid, commonplace. Yet this is a famous city, over the picturesqueness and architectural splendor of which English travelers have written themselves and their readers into sensational raptures. For it is the City of the Salt Lake, the chief town of Utah, the residence and the capital of the prophet Brigham Young, whose house, surmounted by its gilded bee-hive, is one of the objects which attract the eye and excite the curiosity of the stranger on his first arrival.

Disappointment—and what Blanche Amory calls "disillusion"—fell heavily on the mind and the spirits of an English traveler—Mr. Leslie Sandon—who had lately arrived in the city. Having had his head filled with Hepworth Dixon, he was cruelly disconcerted by the utterly commonplace aspect, the dirt and dismalness, of every thing. It seemed a camp of the joyless. Pigs nozzled among the heaps of vegetable refuse that lay on the foot-paths. There was no sewage but such as was given by runnels of water that coursed down the side of each street—rivers rather than gutters, spanned at intervals by little bridges of plank. There was no gas, and at night the town had no other light than that which blinked out of the little lamps in the wretched shops. Our traveler tried to roam the streets at night, but found that he had to creep along in the most cautious manner, and listen every now and then for the roar of the torrent, lest he should tumble into one of the dirty, refuse-bearing streams. He visited the theatre—a large, dreary, dingy, comfortless barn, where the few spectators tried to see the stage by the light of a few kerosene lamps. He thought this temple of amusement rather sadder than even the outer world, and he went forth into the dismal streets again. Even in the day there are not many people about the streets, and a woman is rarely seen there. At night they are deserted. The roar of the torrents, and the wind sweeping through the wild passes of the majestic mountains, are the only sounds one hears—except, indeed, the never-ceasing wail of the crying babies.

"Am I awake—am I in my right senses?" our traveler frequently asked himself. "Is this the picturesque, delightful city, the triumph of man's labor and genius over reluctant Nature, which I was bidden to come forth and admire? Truly the valley is delightful to look upon, and the mountains are peerless in their beauty of outline; but this metropolis of Mormonism—what a place is this! Why, this wretched, vulgar little tenth-class town might just as well have been planted among the Essex marshes for any thing that is picturesque or even remarkable about it!" Our Englishman had arrived in the evening by the jolting old stage-coach which rumbled last year across the mountains from the Pacific Railway station; and his first impression, as he got into the seedy, rickety little country town, was that he must have gone astray somehow, and that this could not be Salt Lake City at all. Even the two or three groups of Indians straggling about here and there did not lend any artistic effect to the scene; for they were only filthy beggars wrapped in old sacks. You might have seen more picturesque beggary in Whitechapel or in Dublin.

Mr. Sandon was especially disappointed, for he had traveled to Salt Lake City in search of a new sensation. He was thirty-five years old, had some property and much culture; had sat in Parliament as an independent member, had spoken there with considerable success, and had been defeated at the general election. He was still young enough to arraign the decrees of Providence, and to think the whole scheme of the world was warped, and Destiny grievously to blame because things had gone wrong with him. So he became misanthropic; the sourness of the grapes he could not reach set his teeth on edge; he felt disposed to profess a Carlylean contempt for constitutional government and parliamentary institutions; he was weary of London, the Reform Club, the Opera, the Star and Garter Richmond, and the Ship Greenwich. The New World promised new sensations, and he went there: saw New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago; and, when the Pacific Railway was opened, started for San Francisco, diverging to Salt Lake City on his way. Here, then, he is—an intelligent, honorable, manly Englishman, weary for a fresh sensation, and much disappointed because here he fails as yet to find one.

He presents no letters of introduction, and, in American phrase, merely "lounges round." He begins to be a little interested, and to feel that, after all, he is not in Essex, when the Sunday comes; and he goes to hear the service and sermon in the vast Tabernacle, where eight thousand men, women, and babies are gathered under one roof, and the divine necessity and sanctity of polygamy is preached as a Christian doctrine. But he soon forgot Mormonism, Brigham Young, and every such subject in the delight of listening to a voice that thrilled his ears and seemed to pierce his heart.

The Tabernacle boasted of a choir, and hymns were sung. The faces of the singers were not visible to our hero where he sat; but the principal voice, that of a woman, was so pure, fresh, and exquisite that new pulses of pleasure seemed to waken in the organization of our weary London opera-goer. Sweet, sad, plaintive, passionate, that voice seemed as though, if possible, to soar to the very heaven and cleave it with prayer. The sorrow of a St. Cecilia might thus have poured forth its glorious agony. For to Leslie Sandon it seemed that the voice expressed not rapture of worship, but utter anguish of remonstrance; the wild appeal of a grief which would presently change into despair. Perhaps our Londoner was in a fanciful mood; but he could not help, while he listened, imagining that he heard some captive, given over by man to the power of her enemies, raising her last pathetic, impassioned appeal to Heaven. A Christian martyr might have sung in that strain, he thought, while the chains were on her wrists, and the fire was being made ready for her body.

As if to lend a positive justice to his fanciful imagining, the voice of the singer suddenly faltered and trembled, then gave a wild cry, then stopped; and there was a little commotion and stir among the choir, and Mr. Sandon presently learned that one of the singers had fainted. He could not learn who she was—people did not seem to know, or would not tell him. The Mormon men are very free generally in volunteering information to strangers, but slow in answering questions.

Sandon walked thoughtfully homeward. This little incident made somehow a deep impression on him.

This is his second day in Salt Lake City. He begins to think that, perhaps, after all his disappointment, the town is not wholly commonplace, more especially when he learns that the proprietor of the hotel where he is staying—and where he pays five dollars a day!—has four wives, and that two or three of these habitually wait upon the guests, and are not too proud to hand the plates, and fan away the swarming flies which ever interpose in Salt Lake City between the cup and the lip of the traveler.

The attendants in the hotel are all women, and Mr. Sandon is especially attracted by the quiet grace and beauty of one tall, fair-haired, slender girl, whose countenance expresses intelligence and melancholy. He observes this girl closely from the first, and becomes more and more impressed by her natural grace and her sadness. As he looks up into her blue eyes he seems sometimes to see them swimming in tears. She hardly ever speaks of her own accord; but she has at last to answer a question, and then Leslie Sandon at once observes that she speaks with an English accent.

"You are English?" he says, looking up at her as she stands near his chair and hands him a cup of tea.

"Ah, yes!" is the sad reply.

"I am from England too," said Sandon.

"I knew it," the girl replied. "I knew it when I heard you speak. I have kept near you whenever I could, because—because it was so pleasant to hear the accent."

"What part of England do you come from?"

"From Barnes, in Surrey."

"Why, I too am from Surrey!" exclaimed our Briton, with delicious memories of green hills and daisied fields, and the winding silver Thames and Wimbledon plains, pouring in upon him.

"I thought you came from Surrey," said the girl. "Oh, what a sweet place it is! and how I love it!" Her voice trembled, and tears now visibly stood in her eyes.

"Have you been long here?" asked Sandon.

"Only three months—and I wish I was in my grave! Oh, hush, please; don't say any more."

One of the wives approached, and the English damsel disappeared. Our hero was deeply interested and touched. This pretty, graceful English girl, so young and sad. How had she come here? Who would not pity her?

That first conversation took place one morning at breakfast. He saw her again that day at dinner, and at tea, and each time he contrived to have a few words of conversation with her. He lingered day after day at the hotel, growing more and more deeply interested in this girl, and he came gradually to know her whole story. Her father and mother had been well-to-do in farming, and she had received a good education. Both parents died, and left her to the care of her brother, who converted what property there was into money and emigrated to the United States; while she, Esther Lyne, was sent to make a living as assistant in a London shop. Lately her brother sent her money, and peremptorily ordered her to accompany some friends who were coming out to America to settle, as he had done, in Utah. Esther was delighted to come. A lonely life of monotonous work in London was growing almost unbearable; and although she knew her brother had settled in Utah, she had no idea whatever of his having become a Mormon. So she traveled out across the Atlantic and across the Plains; and she found her brother the proprietor of the hotel in which she was acting as an attendant, and the husband of four wives. She found, too, that of all the fanatical Mormons in the town he was the most fanatical and ruthless, and that he had already made arrangements for her marriage with one of the influential elders of Salt Lake City, who desired to increase his consideration with his people by taking a seventh wife, but was anxious to please himself by choosing one who should be young and pretty. In vain the poor girl pleaded, begged, and wept; her brother knew no pity, and man's guardianship over woman is absolute in Utah. To be a slave and live with the barbarous Turk is to be more free than to be a woman in a Mormon household. There was added to the common slavery of womanhood there this bitter special agony in Esther's case, that the girl detested the whole system, in its doctrines as well as in its practices, and would have welcomed death rather than accept either. So all the power of argument, persuasion, harshness, menace—the menace even of vague and nameless dangers and punishments—was brought constantly to bear on the poor young woman in order to force her into Mormonism. She was there alone, thousands and thousands of miles away from the land of her birth. Locked in by that awful cincture of mountain peaks, beyond which lay the desert; prisoned amidst a community which spares no man or woman, but is zealous even to slaying; with those who ought to have been her protectors most rigidly set against her—is it any wonder that fate seemed inexorable to her, that she sometimes gazed despairingly into the pure azure of the glorious sky, and thought that Providence no longer looked downward on the earth? Every strong pressure of threat and suasion, every petty, paltry weapon of meanness and fanatical malignity, were all employed at once to conquer the sad, steady heart of that one poor child. What wonder that the kindly expressions and the genial sympathies of the English traveler touched her very soul? that she watched and waited and prayed for the chance of a word from him? that she looked to his departure as to the closing of the heavens against her? The very day of his arrival she had made up her mind to kill herself. She had said to her own soul that man could not help her, that Heaven would not, and that she had a right to end the agony of the present and escape the shame of the future by a suicide's death.

Does this seem an exaggerated picture? It is true to the life of certain sufferers in Salt Lake City. No one who knows any thing of that place, and is prepared to speak the truth, will venture to deny it. There are women there who pray for death, who have as little hope or chance of an escape into freedom as a prisoner in the heart of Siberia. At least this was so before the railway crossed the Plains. Let us hope that at the sound of the steam-engine's shrill trumpet the walls of that detested Jericho are destined to fall.

"If no promise comes from Heaven this day," said poor Esther to herself on the morning of Sandon's arrival, "I will kill myself to-night."

That day came Mr. Sandon, and he spoke his kindly words, and the fountains of her heart were unsealed. That night she knelt beside her bed and fervently thanked Heaven for having sent her a promise, and prayed to be pardoned for her evil resolve, and to be endowed with strength, hope, and courage.

There were a good many persons staying in the hotel; but they only assembled at meal-times, in the regular American fashion, and during the intervals the place was usually empty of all but the proprietor, his wives, and his attendants. One day our Englishman remained in his room to write some letters, and was congratulating himself on the quiet of the house, when, from a room below, he heard a sound which, if it disturbed, likewise delighted him. It was the voice of a woman singing, and the first note made him spring from his chair.

"I should know that voice among ten thousand," he said. "It is the voice I heard in the Tabernacle on Sunday. Come what will, I will find out who the singer is. Pray Heaven she be not fat and ugly, or one of mine host's wives!"

He followed the voice down stairs, and it led him to the "ladies' parlor." He stood on the threshold a moment and listened in delight. Then he opened the door softly and looked in. There was only one person in the room, a girl, who sat at the piano. At the sound of the opening door she turned round, and Mr. Sandon saw that it was Esther Lyne.

Surprise, a little alarm, and something like gladness lighted up the girl's eyes and steeped her cheeks in crimson. Leslie Sandon went boldly into the room and stood beside her.

"I thought every body was out," she murmured. "I sing sometimes—to please myself—when the house is free."

"Then it was you who sang in the Tabernacle on Sunday?"

"Oh yes! And I am so much ashamed—I could not help breaking down. I always sang in our little church at home; and my brother insisted that I must take part in the choir here. I never did until last Sunday, and then I tried my best to please him; but as I sang I thought of our old dear home, where I was so happy, and which I shall never, never see any more; and I broke down. And oh, I am so wretched!"

Esther lost all control over herself, and covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

What could Sandon do? How could he avoid taking one of her hands gently in his, and trying to cheer and console her? Only his sincere respect for her womanhood, her situation, her beauty, and her sorrow kept him from putting his arm round her waist, and drawing her to him and kissing her.

"Can nothing be done to save you—to take you from this place?" he asked.

She shook her head sadly.

"Nothing can be done. No one—I mean no woman—situated as I am, can escape. If I could escape, I have no place to go to. I have no longer any home. I think I could even bring myself to endure this life, and remain here and work for my brother and his—his family" (she could not induce herself to say "his wives"), "if only they would leave me to my misery, and would not force me—"

She stopped; but Sandon knew how to finish the sentence.

"You shall not be forced to marry that scoundrel!" exclaimed our impetuous Englishman. "I will go myself to the Federal camp—I will claim the protection of the United States officials for you. You shall leave this detestable place to-morrow, if you choose!"

Esther's cheek glowed once more; but she drooped again, and said, very quietly:

"They will not interfere; they could not. Their position here is very difficult and dangerous, and they could do nothing for me. My brother will tell them that he is my natural guardian; that I was left in his care by my father; that I am under age. All that is true; but oh, if my poor father could only have known to what guardianship, to what a fate, he was leaving me! But the Federal officers here can do nothing. There is only one way by which I can save myself from this marriage; and if all else fails—if they will force me to it—I will try that!"

She rose from her seat and stood erect, with a wild light glittering in her eyes, and the attitude of one who finds courage and confidence in very despair.

Leslie Sandon was perplexed in the extreme. The girl was so beautiful, so sweet, her fate was so cruel, her grief was evidently so genuine, that the heart of the Englishman was torn with compassion for her. Let us do him the justice to say that he would have striven earnestly to save her had she been plain, awkward, and ignorant. But he should have been much more or much less than man had not her grace and her beauty given him a new impulse to aid her. She was a lover of music, and her voice, when she sang, was music itself. Added to all this, there was something romantic and even mysterious about the circumstances which had brought them together: the influence wrought on him by her voice in the Tabernacle; the impression produced upon her by the first accents of his English tongue.

The wearied Londoner had found a new sensation. He rushed at once to the office of the judge appointed over that region by the United States government. As he went along he observed with a new and sharpened interest the aspects of the houses and the people. He had to go a little way out of the town to reach the residence of the official; and he noted that in many, many instances the houses of Mormons well-to-do in the world had grown up by successive additions and agglomerations, the owner now adding a wing on this side, and then a wing on that, and then building a sort of *succursale* at the rear, and clapping on a kind of shed somewhere else, until the whole establishment became an ungainly cluster of incongruous buildings. Sandon knew now what that meant. Each addition to the house meant another wife—a new cage for each new bird: rather, perhaps, in most cases, the original and best cage was for the newest bird; dispossessed and half-discarded favorites were relegated to the newer and ruder nests. As he passed along, too, our Briton saw many haggard, weary, slatternly women, with lack-lustre eyes and wan, shapeless faces, hanging listlessly over their gates, or sitting idly in the sunlight, perhaps nursing their yelling babies—all such women looking alike depressed, degraded, miserable, hopeless, soulless. He had been in the *cretin* villages of Switzerland; and on the whole he thought the aspect of womanhood there, as, goitrous and ghastly, it gibbered and made mouths at the air and the clouds, was rather less disheartening and debased than that of womanhood in Salt Lake City. The glory of the sunset, the beauty of the mountains, the lustrous purity of the blue heavens were lost on him—appealed to his saddened eyes in vain. He saw nothing before him, around him, but human wretchedness and debasement.

"That sweet girl," he vowed to himself, "shall never suffer such a fate—never live a life of such accursed slavery—never!"

The Federal judge heard the impassioned appeal and the energetic statement of our Englishman; but he could do nothing. On Sandon's own showing, the girl was under the legitimate guardianship of her brother. No States official could interfere; and it would be a mere waste of time to apply to the Federal officer in command of the little force at Camp Douglas. There was nothing to be done. Esther's story was the story of many other girls: such things happened in Salt Lake City every day.

"Will these scoundrels be allowed with impunity actually to force this girl into marriage?" asked Sandon.

"They will not probably chain her or scourge her," said the judge; "but she is virtually a prisoner, and they will break down her spirit by a mental and moral torture which she can not long resist. These people, Sir, are pitiless, because they are fanatics, and they think they are doing right."

"Can she not escape?"

"I see no possible chance or hope. She will be constantly watched."

"But she is sometimes allowed to go out."

"Yes, because they are satisfied that she can not get away. That rampart of mountains, Sir, has not many outlets, and Utah is a large Territory. No; for a girl like her, under a guardianship apparently legitimate, there is practically no escape."

Sandon went away in grief and rage. But he soon contrived to have several stolen interviews with Esther. Lest her health should break down, her brother sometimes allowed her to go out, and our hero managed to meet her, and broached to her many futile plans for her escape. He thus lingered days and weeks in Salt Lake City, which had now become to him the most interesting place in all the world. For his new sensation had become something very unexpected indeed, and the fashionable Londoner had actually fallen in love with the poor girl from Surrey. Despite her poverty, her humble position—despite all the natural prejudices of caste and rank and habit, so dear to even the most independent Briton—the beauty, the grace, the intelligence, the goodness of this girl had unwittingly conquered him; and Esther Lyne, who hardly dared to acknowledge to her own secret heart that she loved him passionately, was one day startled, bewildered, to hear from his own lips the declaration that he passionately loved her.

Then there were some quiet confidential conferences with the Federal judge and his wife, and with one or two other "Gentiles" of the place; and Esther was so long a time absent one day when her brother permitted her to go out that she received a stern rebuke on her return, and was told that she must not leave the house alone any more.

Mr. Sandon could not remain all his life in Salt Lake City. Already the watchful and jealous rulers of the place were wondering at his stay, and looking askant at him as he lounged through the streets. He announced one day that he was resolved to resume his westward journey next morning. He had hired a private carriage to convey him over the thirty miles or so of frightful mountain road that divide, or did then divide, the City of the Saints from the nearest station of the Union Pacific Railway. The carriage was to leave at a very early hour in the morning.

The hour came; the carriage was at the door. It was hardly dawn; the town was silent and dark. Except in the hotel not even the blink of a kerosene lamp was any where visible. There were no loungers at the door; but, early as it was, the United States judge and two or three of the officers from the camp had kindly come to take leave of the English traveler.

The traveler paid his bills, said farewell to his friends and to the sullen landlord. Suddenly there came down stairs and appeared upon the scene Esther herself, looking very flushed and handsome, wearing her hat and shawl, and quite prepared for traveling.

"Now, Esther, it is time to go," said Mr. Sandon, taking her hand. "Say farewell to your brother, and let me lead you to the carriage."

"What the angels" (let us say) "is the meaning of this?" shouted the brother, utterly bewildered, and yet noting, in all his amazement and anger, a smile on the faces of the judge and the officers.

"It only means," replied Sandon, calmly, "that Esther is my wife; that she was married to me in all due form yesterday; that I am taking her away from your tyranny, and from the old brute you proposed to force upon her as a husband; and that any one who dares to interpose, or tries to prevent me from taking my wife out of this place, is pretty sure to receive a bullet from this revolver."

"Don't let us talk about revolvers," said the judge, pleasantly; "there is no need of any thing of the kind. It is all right enough, Mr. Lyne; your sister is properly married to this gentleman: I am a witness to that. You can't do any thing in the matter now; even if you should feel inclined to try any appeal to the courts, that would not warrant you in attempting to detain her. Dry up; it's no use making any noise. If there is any resistance, I shall be compelled to call for the interference of these gentlemen here, the officers from the camp.—Good-by, Mr. Sandon; good-by, Esther—and God bless you both."

So Esther bade farewell, not without emotion, to her selfish and sullen brother, who was still too much amazed to know quite clearly what he was doing or saying. And her husband put her into the carriage, and took his place beside her; and the Federal officers mounted their horses and gave them safe escort for many miles; and the newly-married pair caught the train at the nearest station, and journeyed safely westward to San Francisco and the Golden Gate.

Thus did this modern Lochinvar carry off his bride; and the marriage, though made in haste, will not be repented at leisure or otherwise. In Salt Lake City Leslie Sandon found a new sensation, saved a pure and noble life from wreck, and rewarded himself with a beautiful and loving wife.

ODIN,

THE NORTHERN GOD OF WAR.

THE Scandinavian theory of creation is evidently inspired by the natural aspect of that world which the Northmen knew, and the account of chaos might be taken almost word for word as a description of the Northern regions where they dwelt. On the north, we are told, was the region of cold and fogs, to the south was that of warmth and light, and between the two lay the great Ginnunga Gap, where the cold and the warmth contended. Gradually the frost prevailed, and the gap was filled with ice; then the heat prevailed, the ice was melted, and from the warmth was generated a cow, to whom men and gods were indebted for existence. This cow, Audhumbla, licked the cold salt stones, and on the evening of the first day a man's hair appeared, on the second evening his head, on the third evening the complete man, strong, huge, and beautiful. He was named Buri, and had a son named Bör, who, intermarrying with the giants, had three children, the first of whom was Odin, the father of all other gods, the Jupiter of the North, but a grander, more godlike god than the Jupiter of the South.

This is the god as we see him in the drawing on page 676. The artist has presented him to us as we fancy the Norseman must have pictured him in his fancy. A grand muscular figure, with rugged brow, he tramps through the snow, a type of brute power and thought combined. The Ravens, Thought and Memory, which were wont to perch upon his shoulders and whisper in his ears, attend him, and his bowed figure and the expression in his face give a pathetic tone to the design. As described in MORRIS's "Lovers of Gudrun," we see him

"As slow-paced, weary-faced, he went along,
Anxious with all the tales of woe and wrong
His Ravens, Thought and Memory, bring to him."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHILE a vendor of greens in Boston was endeavoring to dispose of his stock in trade his poor old nag balked, and refused to budge an inch. The driver finally commenced belaboring the animal with a stick, when an old lady thrust her head out of a window and exclaimed, "Have you no mercy?" "No, ma'am," replied the peddler; "nothin' but greens."

"Mr. Post-office-man, I want to pay the postage on this letter." "Single or double, miss?" "Double, Sir" (with a courtesy); "I was married last week."

A French artist having been asked to draw an allegorical figure of benevolence, carefully sketched a bit of India rubber. "This," said he, "is the true emblem of benevolence. It gives more than any other substance."

THE LAND OF CAIN—A sugar plantation.

A Connecticut paper tells this story of a new boy in one of the Sunday-schools: The precocious youth was asked who made the beautiful hills about them, and remarked that he did not know, as his parents only moved into town the day before.

The pavements are all hissing hot, the sky above is brazen,
And every head's as good as dead the sun can set its rays on;
The lean, lank-looking skeletons go stalking pale and gloomy;
The fat, like red-hot frying pans, send hotter fancies through me.
I wake from dreams of polar ice on which I've been a slider,
Like fishes dreaming of the sea, and waking in the spider.

Did the horseman who scoured the plain use soap?

A resident of Kalamazoo writes to a "school boored" in Ohio that he will take a school, as he "has tought 2 terms school and I attended 1 colledge 4 yrs at detroit, michigan and am 26 yrs avage."

A man died at St. Louis recently, and in his will, after stating that he never forgot a favor, left $1000 to an individual who ten years before ran away with his wife.

Little Johnny's mother reached for him with her slipper the other evening for hooking the jelly, and after dusting the portion of his pantaloons that he sits on, she was surprised to hear him laugh over it, and demanded the cause of it. "I was thinking how I had fooled you. It was Carrie who hooked the jelly."

"What return," a justice cries,
"Upon that writ for Smith's arrest?"
The ready clerk at once replies,
"'Tis written on the writ, *non est*."
"*Non est*, indeed! Imagine, if you can,
Joe Smith's surprise when called an 'onest man!"

A husband advertises thus: "My wife Maria has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, any body can do so if they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay her'n."

Would you buy,
Things is high.
Would you sell,
Things has fell.

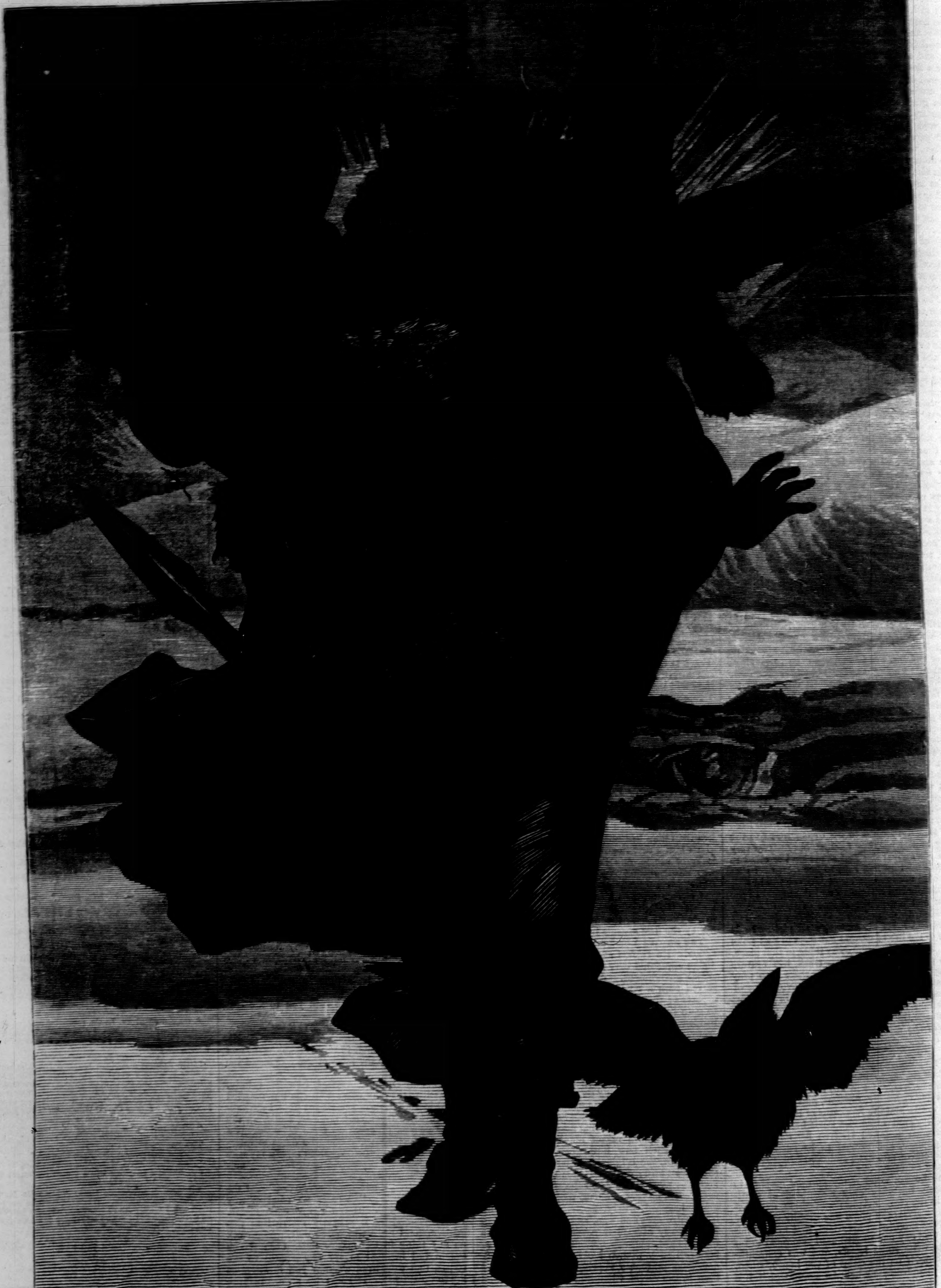
A PRETTY HOOD—Childhood.

A MORE EXPENSIVE HOOD—Womanhood.

A gentleman having sent his man-servant to buy some lucifer-matches, said to him, when he came back, "I hope, John, they are better than the last, which were good for nothing." "Oh, these are excellent," replied John; "I have tried every one of them."

FORTUNE-TELLERS—Bank clerks.

A Western editor, who doesn't know much about farming anyway, suggests that for garden-making a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it, would be an improvement on the spinal column now in use.

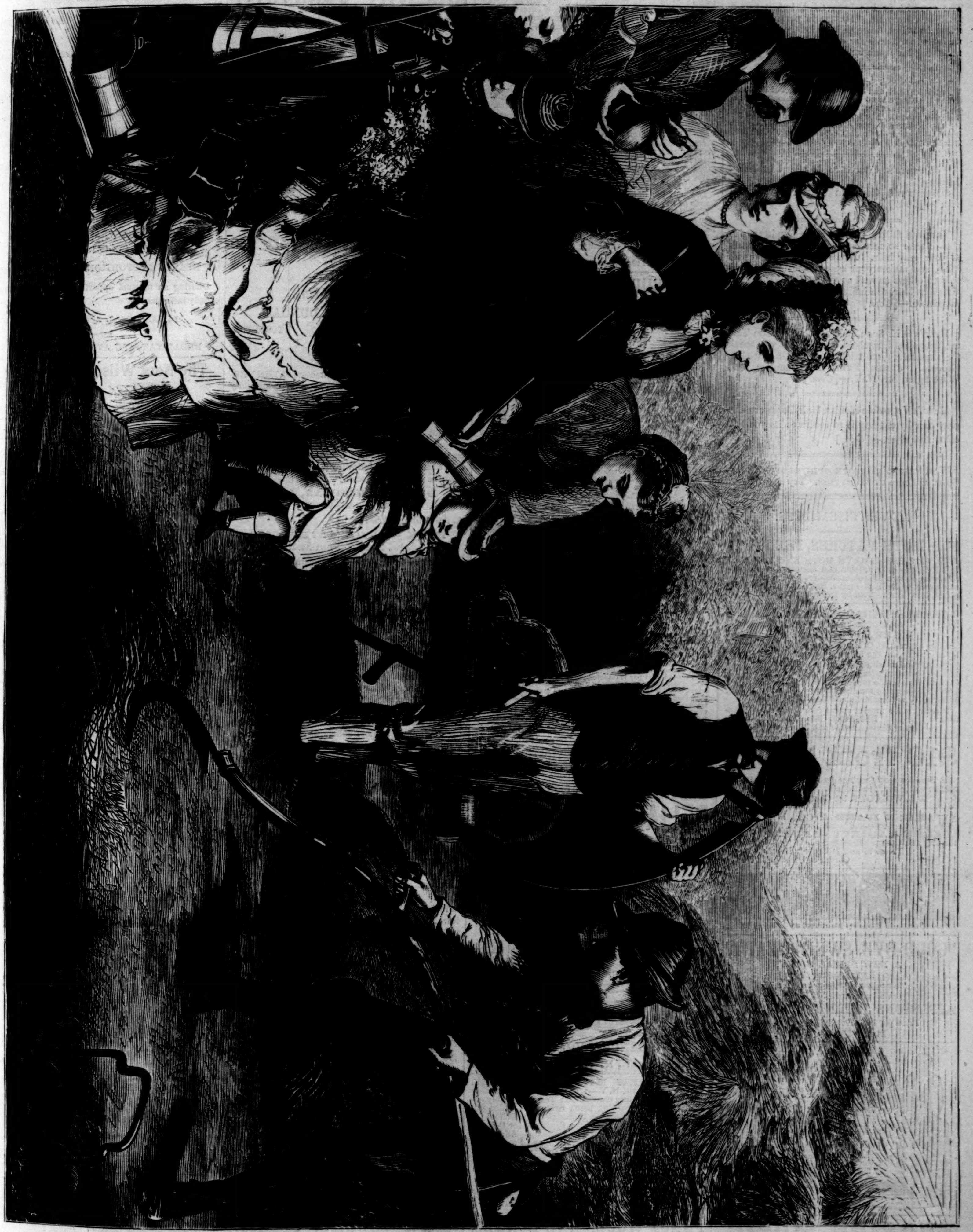


ODIN, THE NORTHERN GOD OF WAR.—[See Page 675.]

PREPARING FOR CROQUET.

Since battledoor and shuttlecock went out of fashion, croquet appears to be the only out-of-door game in which ladies can pleasantly engage; certainly it is the most attractive. Ladies have been known to play at cricket, but with doubtful success. They may do for bowlers, perhaps, having a fair capacity for taking aim at the hostile wicket; but their batting and their running are dreadfully embarrassed by their petticoats, and few of them have the nerve to stand the approach of a swift ball which might strike them a severe blow. The good old game of nine-pins, which was originally invented for their amusement in the time of Henry IV. of England, is better suited to their practice. But it can not be denied that croquet deserves the preference it has earned as a pastime for ladies, or for a party of both sexes. Hands, feet, and eyes are kept alert without strain or fatigue, while there is room to acquire and display, as in the more scientific game of billiards, a high degree of skill. The sport is said, also, to afford the most delightful opportunities for flirtations when the players are young; and perhaps this is just what makes it so popular with the frequenters of fashionable summer resorts.

The accompanying illustration will please every body who takes any enjoyment in the game. The workmen have come out with their scythes to mow the lawn into perfect smoothness, and make it as even as we trust the paths of the players may be through life.



PREPARING FOR CROQUET.

GIANTS AND DWARFS.

From the universal records of mankind it is reduced to a moral certainty that six feet is about the highest measure of altitude attained by humanity. Beyond that the individual is regarded with surprise, simply because there is an instinctive impression in the mind of a spectator that it is an abnormal growth. There are far larger numbers of men in all countries falling below that than those who exceed it. It is also a known fact that there are regions where men upon the average are taller than in other localities; but why they attain six feet in one place, and not in another, has not been fully ascertained. Kentucky and Tennessee are renowned for tall men beyond all other States of the Union.

Why there should be a deviation of the law of development in a family, raising one to seven or eight feet, which occasionally occurs as a marked phenomenon, is a physiological mystery. With respect to dwarfs, it is admitted that an arrest of growth is in consequence of the sudden suspension of the appropriation of nutrition to the tissues. Why it happens in any case is quite as much of a mystery as the other. Science has proposed no method for unclogging the vital wheels. The function of furnishing the cells with material elements for expansion is forever suspended in some, while in others there is an infusion of vital force that carries on the enlargement of the whole body into gigantic proportions.

These two conditions constitute wonder points in the history of our race—the one being a dwarf, and the other an Anak. From the narration of the Old Testament it seems a mighty tribe once existed in Palestine who were actually giants. Goliath was a finished type of his countrymen; but, as though in violation of a natural law, they were predestinated to an early extinction. No efforts are able to reproduce or rear into existence such abnormal specimens of manhood. The experiment has been tried, but it was a fruitless enterprise. Nature is persistent, and triumphs at last, however ingenious, extended, or varied our schemes for essentially modifying or thwarting her operations.

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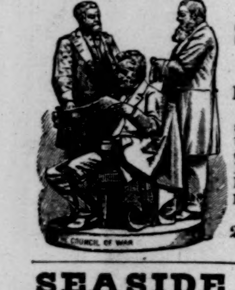

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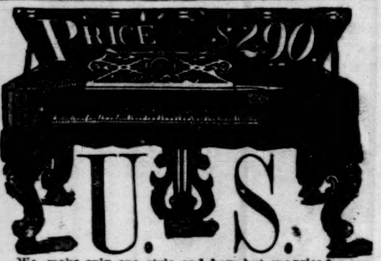

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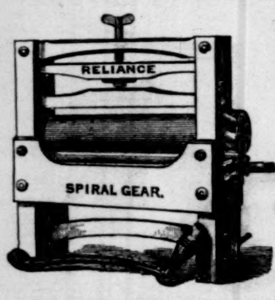

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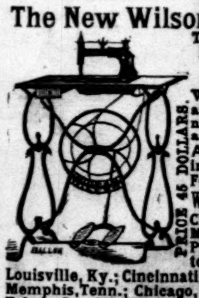
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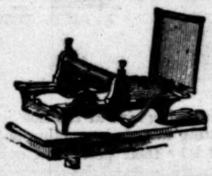

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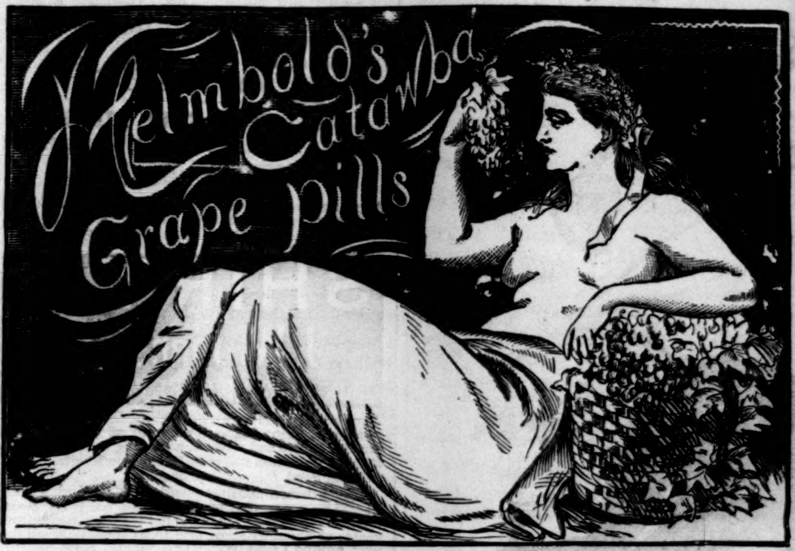

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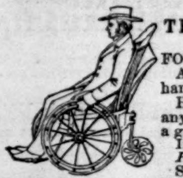

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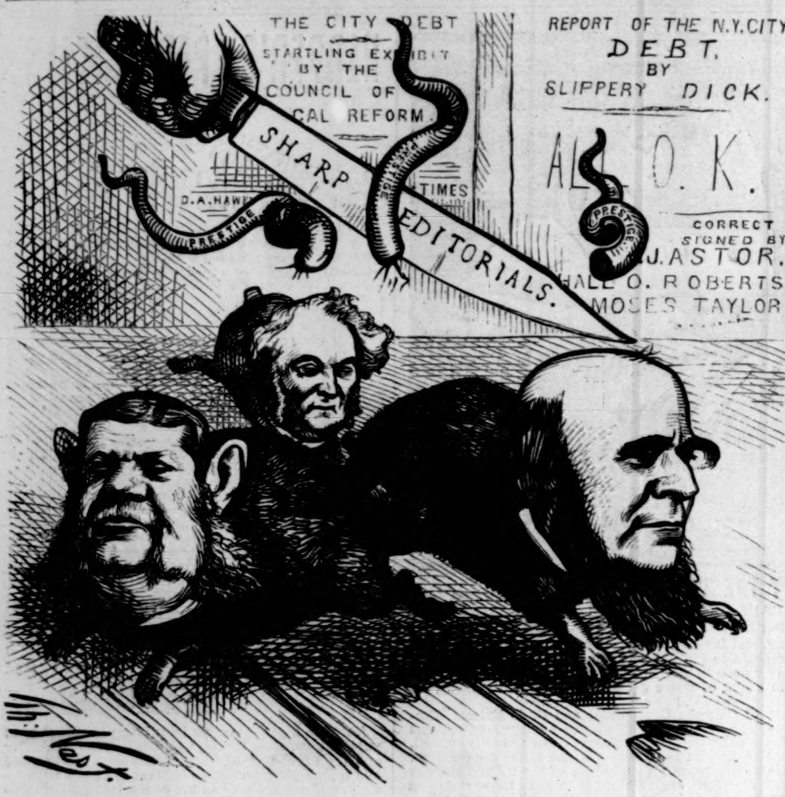
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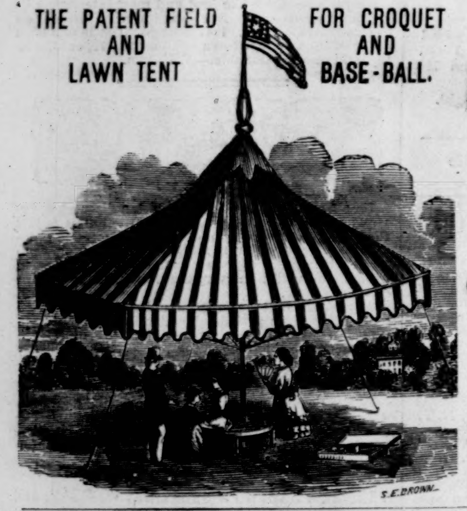

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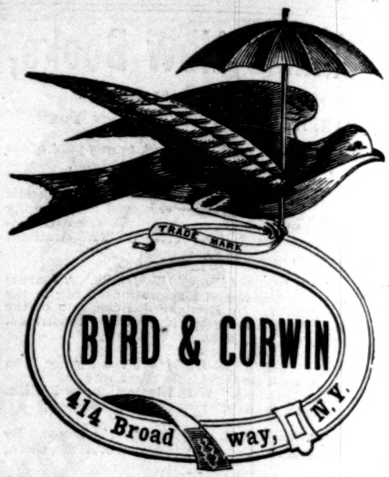

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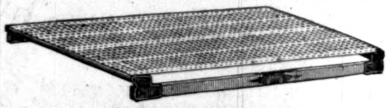

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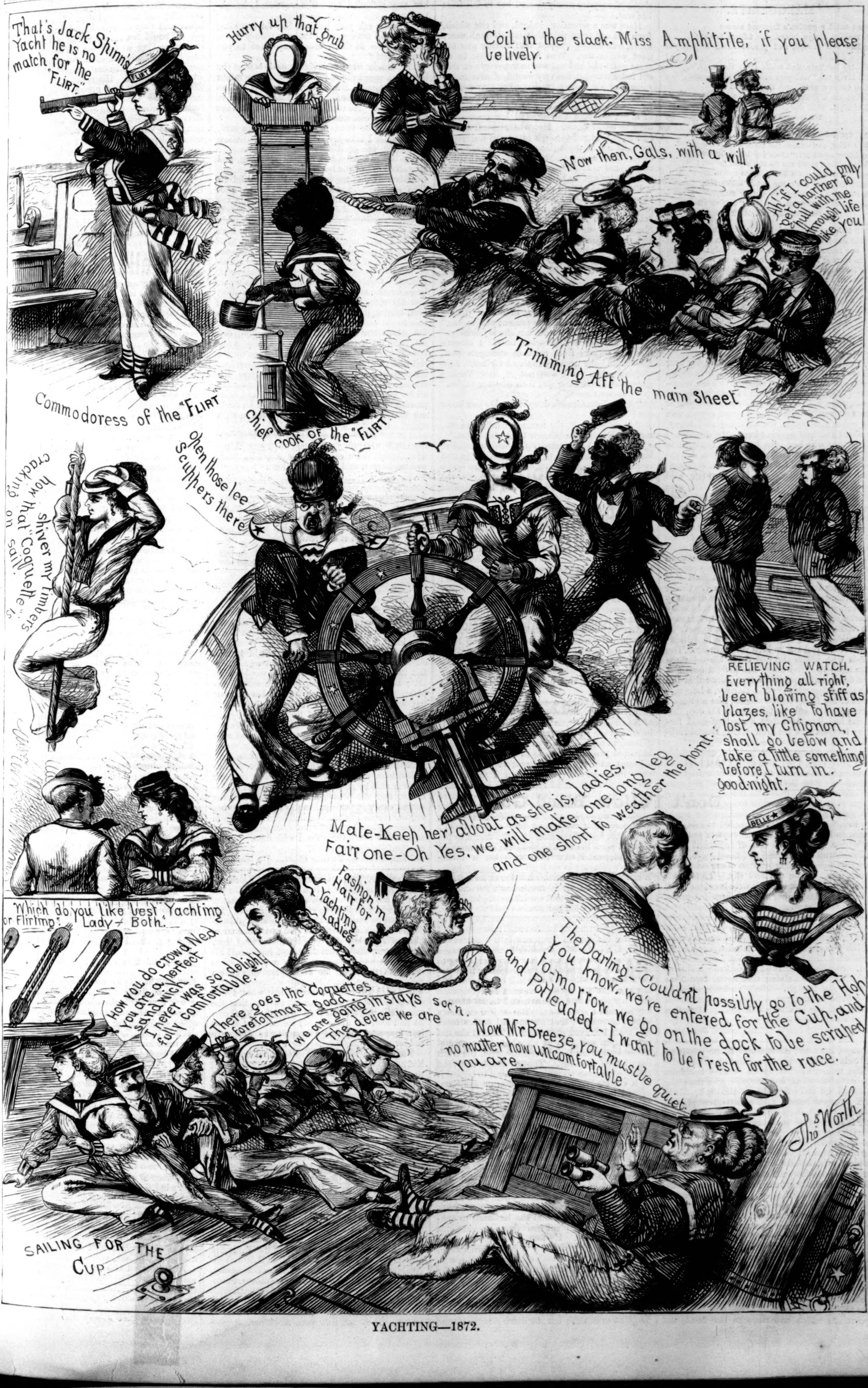
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Commodoress of the "FLIRT"
Hurry up that Grub
chief cook of the "FLIRT"
Coil in the slack. Miss Amphitrite, if you please be lively.
Now then, Gals, with a will
Ah! if I could only get a partner to pull with me through life like you
Trimming Aft the main Sheet
Shiver my timbers how that "Coquette" is cracking on sail.
open those lee Scuppers there
RELIEVING WATCH.
Everything all right, been blowing stiff as blazes, like to have lost my Chignon, shall go below and take a little something before I turn in. good-night.
Mate-Keep her about as she is, ladies.
Fair one-Oh Yes, we will make one long leg and one short to weather the point.
Which do you like best, Yachting or Flirting? Lady - Both.
Fashion'm Hair for Yachting Ladies.
BELLE
The Darling-Couldn't possibly go to the Hop You know, we're entered for the Cup, and to-morrow we go on the dock to be scraped and Potleaded - I want to be fresh for the race.
How you do crowd Ned You are a perfect sandwich.
I never was so delightfully comfortable.
There goes the Coquette's foretopmast good.
we are going in stays soon.
The deuce we are
Now Mr Breeze, you must be quiet. no matter how uncomfortable you are.
SAILING FOR THE CUP
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YACHTING—1872.

MARGUERITE.

ALONE amid a garden's fragrant mazes
A maiden strays, herself the fairest flower;
Careless she stoops, and plucks some bright-eyed daisies
To try her fate, and while away the hour.
"He loves me," whispers she, as in her fingers
She takes a petal, and then lets it fall—
"Loves me a little—madly"—here she lingers,
But sighs with the last petal, "Not at all—
He loves me not at all!"

"Ah, cruel daisy! hopeless thus to leave me,"
She cries, and treads the stalk beneath her feet.
She takes another: "Does my heart deceive me?
Then, daisy, leave me to the sweet deceit!
He loves me—loves a little—loves me madly!"
Like flakes of snow the petals softly fall,
Till one alone remains; then, very sadly,
She plucks the petal, sobbing, "Not at all—
He loves me not at all!"

Weep not, poor maiden! though thy life be lonely,
Soon happier days may be for thee in store.
Try one more daisy, one more daisy only;
The answer may be kinder—weep no more.
"He loves me;" and the tear-drops almost blind her,
As with her tears the tiny petals fall.
"He loves thee!" cries a well-known voice behind her;
"He loves thee madly—loves thee all in all—
He loves thee all in all!"

A RADICAL CURE.

IT was the afternoon of a dull, cloudy day near the end of October. The wind blew in sullen gusts, and some drops of sleety rain were beginning to fall, as the carriage in which Eleanor Grant was seated alone drove down to the pier at Southampton. There was a great crowd, and the noise and bustle, the shouting and hurry, confused and half terrified her. She dispatched the servant who had been sent from the hotel to attend her in search of the friend whom she expected to meet; and she, meanwhile, remained shivering in her place, the little courage with which she had set out falling rapidly. The man was a long time gone, and she was growing impatient and weary, when, to her great relief, she saw the broad shoulders and cheerful red face of Captain Barrow appearing through the crowd. Under his escort she passed swiftly through the noisy throng, and took her place in a small skiff which was awaiting them. Captain Barrow sat beside her, and the boat shot rapidly over the dark and turbid water to where the good ship *Gray Eagle* lay ready to lift her anchor. Under that sombre sky the scene looked very dismal to Eleanor, and she more than once regretted having undertaken to make the voyage home to America in a sailing-vessel at this season of the year. It was against much good advice that she had decided to do so. But she had felt very solitary. The friends with whom she had come abroad three years ago—the kind uncle and invalid cousin—were dead; and she had felt so alone that the chance meeting with Captain Barrow, a long-ago friend of her father's, had seemed like a glimpse of home. His offer to take her in his own vessel she had then hailed as a piece of good fortune; but just now the undertaking looked rather formidable.

However, when she reached the comfortable cabin provided for her its cheerful aspect revived her drooping courage, and an hour or two of rest sufficed to restore her ordinary strength and spirits. At the end of that time there came a messenger from Captain Barrow to say that the ship was getting under way, and perhaps she would like to see it. She gladly responded to this invitation, and went on deck. The captain provided her with a seat upon a coil of rope, and for a while she watched the busy and novel scene. But gradually her attention became absorbed by the stern aspect of the sea and sky. The clouds which had threatened all day were breaking now, and the sun was setting red and cold. A broad beam of crimson stretched across the water, and touched into brightness the smoky town. She could not help thinking how like was that cold, wintry gleam to the only light which now lay upon her life—its golden glow, its summer warmth, all vanished. She was not wretched; she was not glad. She had done alike with sorrow and with joy. There was nothing now in the world—at least so she thought—which could awaken in her a hope or a regret. The storm had passed by her, leaving behind a dull apathy of feeling which was like the chill of winter and of night—a numbness like death. She thought even positive pain would be better: pain, at least, is evidence of life; but she doubted if the power to feel pain itself were not gone from her.

The return of the captain recalled her from her self-absorption, and for the first time she observed, on the other side of the deck, a lady with two gentlemen, and a little boy playing about. "So," she said to her friend, "I am not, it seems, your only passenger."

"Oh no; there are six of you, all told. Those yonder are Dr. Forster, a naval surgeon, returning home with his wife and son, and the Rev. Mr. Sanders, who has been abroad for his health, I fancy. Our other passenger has not yet come off. I hope he won't take a whim to detain us. But no—here he is."

Eleanor followed the direction of his eye, and saw a small boat coming alongside. A gentleman was seated in the stern, wrapped closely in a large cloak. She watched him with a languid curiosity as he came up the side, and saw the captain go forward and greet him cordially. Something in the stranger's air and the carriage of his head struck her as familiar, and she listened with a sudden eagerness to catch the sound of his voice. It was some moments before its tones reached her ear, and then, despite a half expectation which had risen in her mind, the shock of surprise nearly caused her to fall from her seat.

Here was a sensation, indeed, and one which, from the quiver of pain that ran through every nerve, sufficiently showed that feeling was not dead within her. Was it possible that in all these years she had not any more outgrown that old influence that the very sound of that man's voice had yet power to shake her very soul to its centre?—that man who had so wronged her! Indignation burned within her as she thought of it. That man had injured her even more than he could know. Her whole moral nature had been changed through him; the waters of her soul so troubled that they had never since flowed clear as before. She felt herself a harder, colder, more suspicious woman for the shock which years ago he had given to her faith.

Presently she heard the captain presenting the new-comer to Mrs. Forster, his other lady-passenger, and knew that in a moment he would bring him to make acquaintance with herself. She had not steadiness yet for such a meeting; and rising quietly and, as she thought, unperceived, she returned to her own quarters. Philip Armstrong, chancing to turn his head, caught sight of the slender black-robed figure gliding away.

"You have other ladies on board, I perceive," he said to the captain.

"One only; the daughter of one of my old friends. Come and let me present you to her."

"I would with pleasure, but she is gone."

"So she is; well, another time. I observe that she shrinks from meeting strangers now. Poor child! the world is changed for her. I remember when there was not in New York a gayer, more sparkling girl than Eleanor Grant."

"Eleanor Grant!"

"Yes; John Grant's daughter. Do you know her?"

"I—no—that is, the name is familiar to me, but to the lady who bears it I am a stranger."

He gave no opportunity for further inquiry, but addressed himself to the surgeon's wife, and continued talking with her until the group broke up. But when he was alone he leaned over the vessel's side, and the cigar he had lighted dropped into the water.

"Good God! how unfortunate!" he said to himself. "And it is too late now for any remedy: we are off, and this companionship of weeks I can only escape by drowning myself. How shall I ever get through with it?—how hold back every wild and tender recollection of the past, and meet her as a stranger? How like a sorrowful queen she moved away just now! Poor Eleanor! poor child! Well might he say the world is changed for her. Alone, friendless, and poor. And I might have prevented it all. O Heavens! how she must hate me!"

And yet these two, so wide asunder now, had been lovers once—passionate lovers, who lived only in the light of each other's presence. What had divided them? That which works more mischief between friends, which is the source of bitterer quarrels, than any thing else in the world—money.

It was six years ago, when Eleanor Grant was twenty-two, the beautiful only daughter of one of the richest merchants in New York; and Philip Armstrong was a poor young lawyer, just beginning to make his way in the profession which has since proved a fortune to him. They were engaged with the full consent of every body, their marriage-day was fixed, and they would have been rapturously happy but for one cloud in their sky: Philip was both proud and sensitive. The idea that he might be even suspected by the world of having sought the wealthy heiress from mercenary motives galled him to the quick. Then, too, he had the man's natural desire to bestow all upon the woman he loves; and he could not understand—few men do—that a loving woman's pleasure in such giving is equally keen. Eleanor had never set much value upon wealth; she really cared for it much less than did her lover; but now she took an innocent pleasure in the thought of what her money could do for him. In the frankness of her nature she let this be seen, never dreaming that he could misunderstand it. But his morbid fancy saw in it a secret exultation, a sense of superiority in the advantages she possessed over him. It was a cruel wrong to a nature so generous as hers, and one which—to do him justice—he was only half capable of committing. In his better moments he recognized fully her singleness of heart, and hated himself for his mean suspicions. But a jealous fancy knows no reason; and his morbid doubts more and more betrayed themselves. At first she did not comprehend him at all; but, after several exhibitions of his jealous sensitiveness, the truth forced itself upon her. Though deeply hurt, she appeared to take no notice, choosing to regard it as a chance outbreak of irritation or cynicism, caused by some recent rough experience of the world, and strove by redoubling her tenderness to soothe his annoyance. He was completely disarmed, and went home that night ashamed of his doubts, and adoring her more than ever. But not long after he chanced to overhear a sneering comment on the shrewd thing Armstrong was doing for himself in making sure of the heiress. He was foolish enough to trust himself in Eleanor's presence while still smarting from this thrust. As ill luck would have it, her mind was full of matters relating to their prospective housekeeping, and she hastened to consult him on some point involving a considerable outlay of money. He forgot both his prudence and his good-breeding. "For Heaven's sake, Eleanor," he said, "don't ask *me* to begin spending your money until we are married! It is the misery of my life already, and I cordially wish you had not a penny."

If Eleanor had known the annoyance under which his pride was still chafing she might have forgiven even this; but she did not know it, and her anger flamed up. She answered, haughtily:

"I really ask your pardon, Sir, for troubling you. I had not supposed that my money was a consideration so much more important to you than myself."

The words were scarcely uttered before she burned to recall them, for she saw how he might interpret them. But she was proud as well as he, and she sat silent. His face turned white to the very lips. He rose and took his hat from the table. His voice was husky and thick.

"If such be your belief, madam," he said, "the sooner I take my leave the better. Allow me to wish you good-evening."

She bowed coldly, but without speaking, and he walked out of the house.

After this they never met. Philip withdrew from society, and devoted himself to his profession. Eleanor still shone and dazzled in the gay circles where she was known, doing her best to forget, telling herself over and over again that she would not waste a regret on the man who had dared to distrust her. So things went on for a year, when there came a "financial crisis"—one of those tornadoes of failure which periodically sweep through the commercial world. Eleanor's father was caught in it, and his whole large fortune swept away. He died soon after, and his wife, broken-hearted, quickly followed him, leaving poor Eleanor alone. Her energies rose to the occasion. She made no complaints, but stifled her grief, and worked, finding employment as a teacher. As for Philip Armstrong, he would have given worlds now for the right he had forfeited to console and support her. As he saw her noble endurance of sorrow, her courage and patience, his love revived tenfold; all his anger vanished, and tenderness and compassion took its place. Now, at least, he could ask her to be his without fear of the world's sneer. He dared not intrude upon the first freshness of her grief—he had placed himself outside the circle who were privileged to approach her now. But there came a time when he could wait no longer, and he wrote to her:

> "DEAREST ELEANOR"—his letter ran—"shall not that which is past be forgiven and forgotten between us? My home and my heart are open; will you not let them shelter you? PHILIP."

When he had sent this note he waited in a fever of impatience for the reply. It came at last. He opened it and read:

> "If I had any doubt before of your inability to comprehend a woman's nature, at least I have none now. When I was rich you thought me capable of bargaining for your love; now that I am poor you propose to purchase mine! Why should I waste words? I know not what further misfortunes may be in store for me, but they can never bring me to the level of one who reads me thus. ELEANOR GRANT."

Philip Armstrong felt as if the world were reeling under his feet; he could hardly believe in his own identity. What did she mean? What had he ever said, ever thought, that would bear a construction like that? He was in a rage, a perfect fury of anger and shame. He would go to her; he would compel her to listen and to explain. He even started up to go that instant, but was withheld by the reflection that it was now nearly midnight, and he could hardly intrude into any household at that hour. He must wait till to-morrow. But to-morrow found him too ill to leave his bed; and he had a long, wearing fever, in which physicians and nurses were baffled and irritated by the state of nervous impatience in which he continued. The moment he was able to go out he went in search of Eleanor, and she was gone. She had left the school, the lady principal said, very much to her regret. Some friends, who had been absent from America when her misfortunes occurred, had returned and taken her abroad with them; whither, the lady did not know.

Philip made no further effort. He had done a good deal of thinking while he lay upon his sick-bed, and perhaps indulged in more self-examination than ever before in his life. He began to see what a large share his own uneasy self-love had had in the ruin of his hopes. He had been so intent on not being himself misunderstood by Eleanor that it had not occurred to him to question whether he understood her. He saw now how wounding and how cruel his suspicions had been. "I was a mean cur to her from the first," he said, "and she had a right to despise me. My only excuse is that I was a fool also, and did not know what I was doing." The hardest part of all was that the more fully he now realized the worth of the heart he had lost, the more surely he felt that it was lost forever. He was a humbler as well as a sadder man from that day forth.

Four years had passed since then, and they had never met until this evening, when they bowed to each other across Captain Barrow's dinner-table in the cabin of the *Gray Eagle*. No one would have dreamed, from the demeanor of either, that they were other than strangers. Eleanor looked pale, and said little to any one—to Philip nothing. She seemed rather weary and indifferent, and retired early. Philip talked, though it was with a great effort. He did not address Eleanor, but he made himself unobtrusively agreeable to Mrs. Forster, talked science with the surgeon, theology with the clergyman, and drew out one of the captain's best stories. Under cover of his efforts Eleanor's silence passed unobserved; and when she left the table it was with the knowledge that he had shielded her. She hardly knew whether to be most grateful for his kindness or angry with him for presuming to offer it. But she was ashamed of this feeling in a moment, and acknowledged to herself that his conduct had been as full of courtesy as of dignity.

Eleanor was much alone. Her deep mourning dress protected her from frivolous intrusion, and she would sit for hours in her favorite place on deck, reading, or looking away over the blue water. They had now been more than a week at sea. The wind was favorable, and they were crowding sail night and day. It seemed to Eleanor that they were making splendid progress, yet she could not rid herself of a vague feeling that something was wrong. The weather was fine, but she noticed that Captain Barrow studied the barometer with constant and, she thought, anxious attention. His manner, too, usually so hearty and free, had grown gloomy and abstracted; he was nervously watchful of every little circumstance, and was often in apparently anxious consultation with his officers. Something was wrong with the sailors too. There were whisperings and looks of sullen discontent; and a perpetual sound of hammering and carpenter-work seemed to be going on in some part of the vessel.

It was just before sunset of the ninth day out. Eleanor was sitting in her usual place. The captain was standing before his barometer, when Philip Armstrong came by and spoke to him. They were so near that she could easily hear what they said, though her face was turned from them and her eyes fixed on her book.

"What does the glass say, captain?"

"Set fair," replied the other, cheerfully.

"So, good; every thing seems favorable for us. I think we shall have a quick run."

"God grant it!" said the captain, earnestly.

"You speak with fervor. Does much hang on the speed of our voyage?"

The captain threw a quick glance around, and lowered his tone as he answered, "*Every thing* depends upon our speed now. We are running for our lives."

"What do you mean?" demanded Philip, sternly.

"I mean that *the ship has been on fire for three days.*"

The appalling announcement struck Philip dumb. The captain went on: "My passengers had a right, perhaps, to have known this before; but I kept hoping we should conquer the fire. You see we have a quantity of coal in ballast, and the mischief is there. We have battened and smothered it down, and if we could be sure of keeping the air from it I would not be afraid for another fortnight. I have known a ship go safely into port with a fire in her hold that had burned three weeks. But we have an inflammable cargo, and if it reaches that we are gone."

"But surely we must meet some vessel."

"There is less chance of that, as we are off our course now. I am running for the Azores; it is the best we can do. With a fair wind we may make the port of Fayal by the day after to-morrow. But October weather is treacherous, and the ship is not worked as she ought to be. If any trouble should arise, I have no confidence in my crew."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see, we had a fever on board in August, and I was obliged to leave eight of my best men in hospital at Southampton, and replace them with such as I could get. They are a mean set, picked up round the docks, and not to be trusted a boat's-length out of sight."

The book that Eleanor Grant was reading fell from her hand. Philip turned at the sound it made, and one glance at her white face told him she had heard all. He thought she was falling, and sprang toward her; but she re-assured him with a gesture. "Wait," she said; "I will speak presently." When she did speak it was steadily, almost coolly:

"A burning ship, and a half-mutinous crew! It is a cheerful prospect we have before us."

"I am glad to perceive that it does not daunt you. Dangers often vanish as we face them."

"Imaginary ones; but this is evidently real enough. Do not suppose I pretend to be superior to fear."

"No; but you have plainly that better courage which can overcome fear."

Both were silent for a moment. In the minds of both there was a sudden sense of the incongruity of the situation; that in such an awful crisis of danger they two should stand there talking conventional platitudes to each other, barred by a common memory of the past from even that frank sympathy which, had they really been strangers, would have drawn them instantly together.

As quickly as possible Eleanor escaped to the privacy of her own room. How she passed the next few hours she never knew; whether she prayed, or thought, or slept, she could not tell. It was past midnight when there came a tap at the door. She rose instantly from the berth in which she was lying, dressed, and opened it. Instead of the captain, whom she had expected to see, there stood Philip Armstrong.

"It has come," he said, briefly. "Are you ready?"

She signified her assent. He took up her cloak and wrapped it warmly about her, drew her arm into his, and led her on deck.

There the scene was one of confusion and terror. The hatches were closely fastened down; but the thick smoke bursting through every crevice told of the fearful progress the fire was making below. The crew, sulky and disorderly, were getting out the boats, which were three in number, two of them large and strongly built, the other too small to be really serviceable now. The wind had changed, and was blowing hard, and the fire was not long in bursting its bounds. Soon the rigging was in flames, and the falling spars added a new source of danger. One of these struck the captain upon the head and laid him senseless; another, falling endwise over the side, stove the largest of the boats, which filled and immediately sank.

At this fresh disaster the crew became unmanageable. They had been drinking, and the ruffian element among them was in the ascendant. The remaining long-boat would not now afford safe room for all, and, swearing that their lives were as good as any one's, they took possession of it; and, regardless of the commands of the mate and the entreaties of the passengers, pushed off from the burning ship.

There were now six passengers, the captain, mate, and two seamen—in all ten souls—to be intrusted to one small boat. But the flames left them no choice; and they quickly conveyed themselves to this forlorn refuge, carrying with them the still insensible captain. Morton, the mate, was a faithful fellow and a good seaman; but somehow it was Philip Armstrong who now became the governing force of the party. It was he who gave orders, and assigned to each one his place and task; it was he who checked the angry oaths of the sailors at the desertion of their comrades, and calmed the fears of the passengers. Even Eleanor, rebellious as she might have felt at another time, accepted his authority, and followed his slightest glance to obey it.

Alone now on the wide, pathless sea. The sky above was thick with clouds, the *Gray Eagle* blazing on the horizon their only beacon. All night they drifted, and the morning broke gray and cold. The wind steadily increased, and before noon it blew a gale. The sea ran so high that every moment it threatened to ingulf them. They were drenched with the dash of the waves and with the cold rain that had begun to fall. Their small stock of food was so saturated with sea-water as to be almost uneatable, and even this poor morsel they were obliged to apportion rigidly lest the supply should fail.

Days and days went by, yet no help came. They grew weak with hunger and the toil of rowing. They suffered alternately from the scorching sun and the bitter cold. Eleanor felt that she must have perished but for the watchful care of Philip. He took off his own cloak to add to hers, and his coat to wrap her half-frozen feet. She would have prevented him, but he was stronger than she, and forced the things upon her. Next she detected him stinting his own scanty ration to increase hers. She put it back with her hand. "No, no!" she said, in a passionate whisper. "It is too much. You strip yourself that I may be warm; you starve yourself to give me food. You kill me with your limitless forgiveness!"

"Oh, Eleanor," he answered, clasping the hand she extended, "it is you who should forgive! How meanly I wronged you! how cruel were my petulant doubts!"

Something like her old, bright, playful smile broke over Eleanor's pale face as, frankly leaving her hand in his clasp, she answered in the same low tone, "We are equal in poverty at last, are we not? We can afford to be friends now."

Philip pressed the thin hand convulsively to his lips; and so, silently, the new covenant between them was sealed.

Will you believe me if I tell you that these two were actually happy? Not all the horrors of their situation could overbalance their joy in the recovered possession of each other. They smiled now, and even jested gayly at the sufferings and privations that had seemed so terrible. They excited the wonder and admiration of their companions, who mistook for the very sublimity of courage what was merely the triumphant rapture of love, victorious over time and circumstance. Nevertheless, their situation was growing desperate. They had now been thirteen days adrift. Their food was exhausted; they had no water except such as when the rain fell they wrung from their own garments. They had no longer strength to row, and they saw no sail. Their faces were grown gaunt and haggard, and blistered with wind and sun; their eyes glared red with a ghastly fire—the terrible fever-fire of hunger. Three of their number had already died—the wounded captain, and the wife and child of the surgeon—and for the others death could not be far off.

Eleanor had borne up better than almost any. Her sound, elastic constitution enabled her to endure what stronger ones sank under. But now sight and hearing began to grow dim. She felt her head reeling, her mind giving way. What appalled her was that Philip began to yield to the dreadful delirium. She called to him, talked to him; she drew his drooping head upon her breast, and strove with kisses and caresses to arouse him. Her touch recalled for an instant his failing faculties. His strength seemed to rally. He clasped his arms around her, holding her in a close and passionate embrace. "My darling!" he whispered, "to die thus together—it is not hard—forgive—bless—" The momentary flash of energy faded; he swooned away. And Eleanor, too, sank down almost lifeless, careless of what further might happen.

A wild and frenzied scream aroused her. She lifted her head, and saw poor Morton flinging his arms frantically about, laughing and crying in a perfect delirium of joy. "A sail! a sail!" he shrieked rather than shouted.

Yes, a sail at last. There, not more than a mile away, is a large vessel bearing toward them. They hasten to raise again their little forlorn signal, which has fluttered so long in vain. It is seen; a boat puts off; and in a wonderfully short space of time kind arms are reached to them, kind faces are bending over them with words of wonder and compassion.

They were saved. A Portuguese vessel bound for Brazil had picked them up, and they went in her to Rio Janeiro, receiving all care and kindness. It was in the chapel of the United States legation at Rio that Philip and Eleanor were married; but they did not return home until spring. Some months of repose and renewal were needful for both before they could feel equal to another sea voyage. But their homeward run was safe and pleasant; and one fair morning in June, when every thing was bright with the glow of early summer, they steamed into the harbor of New York. As they stood together on the deck, Eleanor, leaning on her husband's arm, looked up into his face with a shy blush, and said, laughing, "Do you know, Philip, that you have actually married a rich woman, after all?"

"How so?"

"My dear uncle, with whom I lived in Italy, left me all his fortune."

"I don't care," retorted Philip, saucily. "Lord knows you were poor enough when I took you. But, my love, I have discovered a sure remedy for all cases of disagreement between lovers. I intend to take out a patent for it as soon as we reach home."

"Have I married a patent-medicine philanthropist in disguise? Pray what is it?"

"Let them get shipwrecked together. If that does not cure them nothing on earth will."

"It has worked a cure in one very bad case, certainly."

"Yes, love—a radical cure."

SOME FAMOUS TREATIES.

WHEN the Black Prince, and his eight thousand knights and archers, refused all terms by an exulting army of fifty thousand French, bore down from the vineyard hill at Poitiers, on which they had been pent, and beat the enemy to pieces, the result to France was more deplorable than even that of Sedan. A truce of two years followed, which was terminated by the peace of Bretigny. France being peeled too bare to any longer support an invading army, the French consented at last to the cruel conditions enforced by this treaty. It was stipulated that King John (then a prisoner in the palace of the Savoy in the Strand) should pay three million gold crowns for his ransom. King Edward renounced forever his somewhat shaky claims to the crown of France, and the provinces of Normandy, Maine, Touraine, and Anjou, possessed by his ancestors, in exchange for the provinces of Poictou, Guienne, Saintonge, l'Agenois, Perigord, the Limousin, Quercy, together with Calais, Guisnes, Montreuil, and the country of Ponthieu. This spoil, forming nearly half of France, was to be held by England in complete sovereignty, without even homage to the French king. The natural results followed these ungenerous and extortionate claims. When King Edward grew old, and the Black Prince returned from Paris, disgusted with his faithless allies, loaded with debt, and already ailing with the consumption of which he eventually died, the French at once overran our recent conquests, and in a few years won back all but Bordeaux, Bayonne, and Calais. At the very time that King John lay our prisoner at the Savoy, we had also a king of Scotland captive, whom Edward liberated on the payment of one hundred thousand marks.

But, taking a stride of several centuries, let us pass on to the peace of Cambray. The jealous rivalry of Francis the First and the Emperor Charles the Fifth for the imperial crown had finally led to an alliance between England, Charles, and the Pope, against Francis. The splendor and flatteries of the Field of the Cloth of Gold had been wasted on Wolsey, who trusted to Charles to help him to the triple crown. Milan was taken, Parma and Placentia were conquered by Prosper Colonna, and, of all Lombardy, Cremona and a few forts were soon all that was left to France. At Pavia, Francis lost every thing but honor. Rome was taken and sacked by the Imperialists. The French lost another army in Italy, and were smitten to the ground; but circumstances at that crisis began then to favor them. Henry now inclined to the side of France, the Reformation convulsed Germany, the Turks overran Hungary and threatened Vienna. Peace was necessary for Charles, and his aunt and the mother of Francis were allowed to arrange terms. The peace of Cambray followed, by which Francis agreed to pay two millions of crowns as the ransom of his two sons, to resign the sovereignty of Flanders and Artois, and to forego all his claims to Italy, on condition that Charles ceased to demand the restitution of Burgundy.

The great peace of Passau established German Protestantism for the first time on a firm basis. The princes of the Smalcaldic League, dissatisfied with the one-sided Council of Trent, and seeing the emperor secretly taking arms, assembled (the year Luther, their great apostle, died) seventy thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse, prepared to win by force the toleration they could not otherwise obtain. By the aid of Maurice of Saxony, the emperor one by one broke the links of the league, but Maurice, growing alarmed at the emperor's ambition, soon proved a subtle and dangerous enemy, and all but surprised the emperor at Innsprück. The treaty of Passau soon followed, admitting Protestants to a share in all Catholic liberties.

In the early part of the reign of Edward the Sixth, the Earl of Warwick concluded a peace between France and Scotland. By the previous treaty of Campe, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, it had been stipulated that France owed England two million crowns, arrears of former debts. But as this sum did not amount to more than one-third of what Henry had expended in war on France, Boulogne was left in English hands as a security for the debt. By Warwick's treaty four hundred thousand crowns were taken as an equivalent for this debt, and Boulogne and its territory restored to France.

The long wars between France and the emperor terminated in the peace of Château Cambresis, in 1559. Charles, attempting to win back Metz, Toul, and Verdun, had been signally repulsed from Metz by the young Duke of Guise. The Duke of Savoy, at the head of a Spanish army, invaded France, but, delayed by Coligny's brave defense of St. Quentin, outside which town the French lost a battle, wasted his opportunity of marching on Paris. On the death of his father, Philip determined on peace. Protecting the rights of Elizabeth, our English claims were first considered at Cambresis. France, it was agreed, was to hold Calais for eight years, and then to surrender it to England. Savoy and Piedmont were to be restored to Emanuel Philibert; France was to evacuate all the places which she held in Tuscany and Sienna, and to surrender to Genoa all the towns of Corsica. Finally, France was allowed to retain Metz, Toul, and Verdun.

But the greatest of all these treaties was the treaty of Westphalia, signed at Munster in 1648. This treaty closed the Thirty Years' War between Sweden and Germany, in which Tilly and Gustavus Adolphus had both perished, and by which half Europe had been devastated. Mazarin had succeeded Richelieu, and yet this terrible strife had continued, drawing in, one after another, almost every European power. The last great exploits of this war had been the famous victory at Rocroy, which Condé won over the famous Spanish and Walloon infantry, and the loss of half a French army in Swabia. Turenne was mounting for fresh victories. Torstenson, the Swede, had just invaded Holstein to punish Denmark for her concealed hostility, when the negotiations commenced.

By this famous treaty France was to hold Metz, Toul, Verdun, Brissac, and all Upper and Lower Alsace. Sweden received four millions of crowns, Bremen, Verdun, Upper Pomerania, Stettin, the Isle of Rugen, and the city of Wismar. The Elector of Brandenburg, as recompense for the loss of Upper Pomerania, was to receive the bishopric of Brandenburg, and the bishoprics of Halberstadt, Minden, and Camin. The Duke of Bavaria was to be elector, with the Upper Palatinate, and Charles Louis an eighth elector, with the Lower Palatinate. The Swiss republic was also declared a sovereign estate, exempt from the jurisdiction of the empire.

The treaty of the Pyrenees terminated, in 1659, the long wars between France and Spain. Under Mazarin's administration, Turenne had forced the Spanish lines at Arras; but Condé saved the shattered army. Condé soon afterward, at Valenciennes, turned the tables on Turenne; but that great general was never greater than after a defeat. Soon afterward Turenne defeated Condé, and took Dunkirk, which Condé was endeavoring to relieve. The peace which Mazarin concluded arranged for the marriage of the young French king and the Infanta of Spain. Louis agreed to pardon Condé, Philip to forgive the Catalonians who had rebelled, and finally Spain renounced all pretensions to Alsace.

On the death of Philip the Second of Spain, in 1665, Louis the Fourteenth instantly set his foot on the treaty of the Pyrenees, and claimed for his wife the duchy of Brabant, till the death of a sickly child should leave him free to seize also the Spanish throne. Turenne and forty thousand men swept into Flanders, and took fortress after fortress. After Charleroi, Tournay; after Tournay, Courtray; after Courtray, Douary. Lille fell in nine days. By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Louis retained all the towns he had conquered except those of Franche Comté.

England being won over to Louis by the most disgraceful intrigues, the French instantly invaded Holland. The Dutch, inundating their country, and resolved rather to emigrate in one vast fleet than yield to France, were bravely led by the Prince of Orange, who declared that he would die disputing the last ditch. Then came Turenne's cruelties in the Palatinate, and many brave fights at sea between the Dutch, and the French and English. The Prince of Orange, constantly defeated, still made a head, till France began to grow exhausted. The English people were urging Charles to join the Dutch, and stop the progress of French ambition. The treaty of Nimeguen secured to France not only Franche Comté, but Cambray, St. Omer, Valenciennes, Tournay, Cassel, Charlemont, etc. The States were to have Maestricht again, and Spain Oudenarde, Ghent, and Limbourg. The emperor was to retain Philippsburg, and to surrender Freiburg, and the Elector of Brandenburg was to restore his Pomeranian conquests to Sweden.

The next great settlement of European quarrels was that famous patching up of old wrangles at Ryswick. Catinot had conquered Savoy, and the combined fleets of Holland and England had been defeated off Beechy Head. The French had taken Namur under the very eyes of William, and had defeated the allies at Steenkerke and Neerwinden. The great Smyrna fleet had been attacked while under convoy, and twelve hundred thousand pounds' worth of property destroyed. The war ended, however, with William's taking Namur, a stroke that partly recovered the glory that he had lost in three previous campaigns. By the treaty Louis acknowledged William to be the lawful sovereign of England, and restored Charleroy, Mons, Courtray, and Luxembourg, and several Catalonian cities to Spain; he gave up Freiburg, Brissac, and Philippsburg to the emperor; and the duchies of Lorraine and Bar to their native prince.

The subsequent tremendous victory over the Turks at Zenta, by Prince Eugene, led to the peace of Carlowitz, by which Austria secured Hungary, Russia Azof, the Poles Podolia, and the Venetians the Peloponnesus, and several towns in Dalmatia.

Marlborough's great victories at Oudenarde, Blenheim, and Malplaquet ultimately led to the great pacification at Utrecht. By this treaty France surrendered her right to the Spanish succession; Savoy acquired Nice; Prussia, acknowledged as a kingdom, was to receive Spanish Guelderland and Neuchatel in exchange for the principality of Orange and the lordship of Chalon; the Rhine was to be the boundary of the German empire; Luxembourg, Namur, and Charleroy were to be given the States General as a barrier; and Lille, Aire, Bethune, and St. Venant were to be restored to France; while England was to retain Nova Scotia, St. Christopher's, Hudson Bay, Newfoundland, Minorca, and Gibraltar; and to her also was granted the profitable *asiento* or contract for furnishing the Spanish colonies in South America with negroes for the term of thirty years. The emperor, holding out against these terms, had finally to sign the peace of Rustadt, and obtained far less favorable conditions, and had to cede Landau and other Rhenish fortresses to France. Bavaria relinquished Sardinia to the emperor in return for the Upper Palatinate, and France acknowledged the electoral dignity of the Duke of Hanover.

The treaty of Breslau was that peace won for Frederick the Great by the unexpected victory at Czaslau. It secured for Prussia the cession of Upper and Lower Silesia, and the country of Glatz, and it withdrew the Queen of Hungary from her alliance with France.

Pitt's long war with France terminated in 1763 by the treaty of Paris, that, much as it was railed against by the Whigs, gave us a vast increase of colonial territory. France ceded to us Canada and a part of Louisiana. Spain gave up Florida for the Havana and Minorca; France yielded her forts on the Senegal and the Island of Grenada, and gave up her claim to the neutral islands of St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago; in return we surrendered to France St. Lucia and Pondicherry.

The treaty of Campo Formio closed the first series of campaigns carried on by Napoleon against Austria. The French had been victorious at Arcola and Rivoli, and Mantua, that powerful fortress, had surrendered to their arms. Bonaparte had invaded the Papal territories, undaunted by the sanctity of the successor of St. Peter, and had trodden Venice under foot. At Leoben it was originally proposed that Austria should have certain compensation beyond the River Oglio for ceding to France Flanders and all the countries on the left side of the Rhine, including the strong city of Mayence. The Venetian territories on the main-land were also to be given to Austria, who was to retain Mantua, while to Venice was to be handed over the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna. But when the Venetians rose on the French, and the massacre at Verona took place, Napoleon had no more mercy on Venice, and at once divided her dominions between France and Austria—France taking the Albanian territories and some of the Ionian Islands, and Austria swallowing Istria, Dalmatia, and Venice herself. Napoleon also claimed Mantua and the line of the Adige, and when Cobenzel, the Austrian embassador, hesitated, he took from a bracket a china vase of value, given Cobenzel by the Empress Catherine, and dashed it on the hearth-stone.

"The truce is then ended," he thundered. "Before the end of autumn I will break your empire into as many fragments as this potsherd."

The Austrians gave way, and the treaty of Campo Formio was signed the following day.

The next war with Austria, closing with the great blow at Marengo, and Moreau's brilliant victory at Hohenlinden, was patched up at Luneville, in spite of the urgent entreaties of England to Austria to continue the war—entreaties which were backed up by a loan of two millions. By this treaty Austria ceded Tuscany to a prince of the house of Parma, and the whole left bank of the Rhine was ceded to the French Republic, the German princes who suffered, to be repaid by indemnities allotted them at the expense of the Germanic body in general.

Then came the Egyptian campaign, the reduction of Malta by the English, and the attack of the Danish fleet by Nelson, till in 1802 the peace of Amiens gave peace for a time to bleeding Europe. The nations needed repose. England, moderate in her demands of all her conquests, retained only Ceylon and Trinidad. Portugal lost Olivenza and a part of Guiana; Corfu, and six other islands, were constituted into a republic, and Malta was to be restored to the knights.

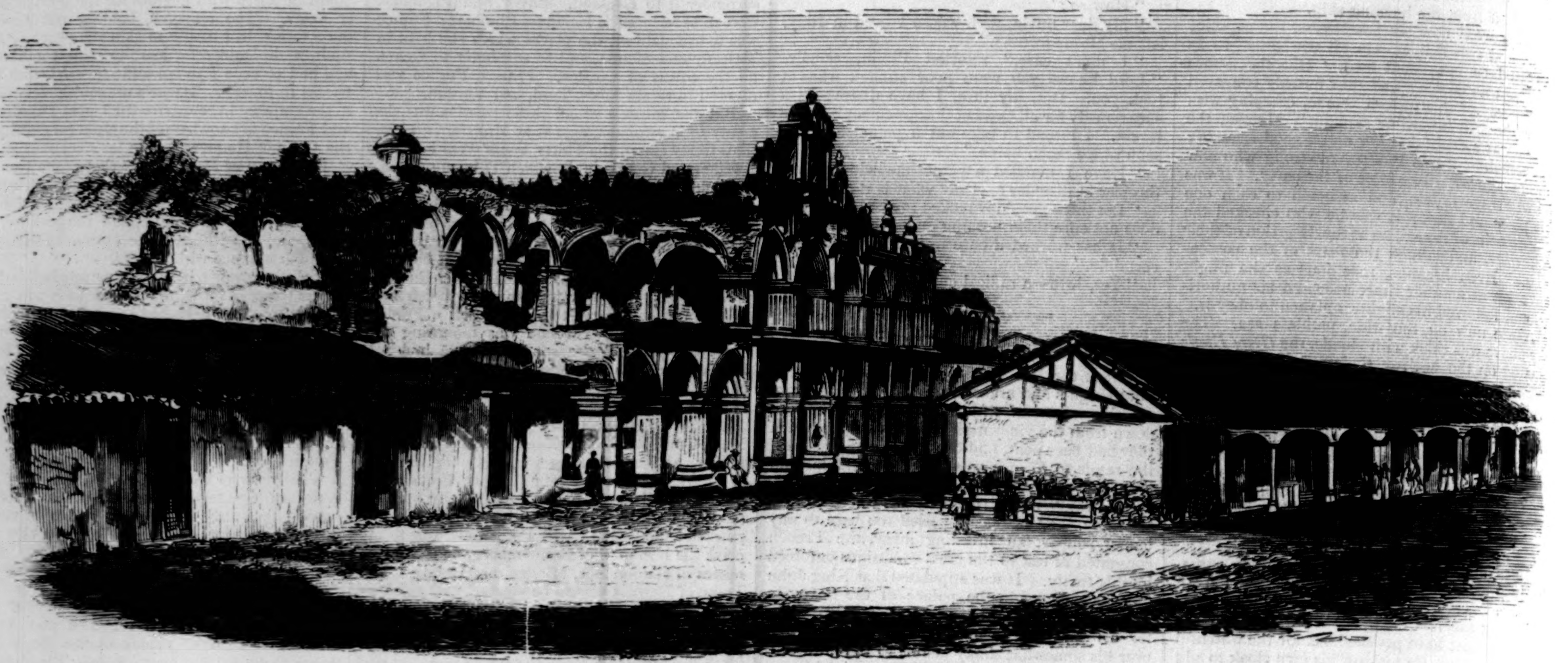
The treaty of Presburg was the sequence to the overwhelming victory of Austerlitz. The first preliminary was the payment of one hundred millions of francs by Austria. The Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria, and Venice was annexed to the kingdom of Italy By this treaty Austria lost twenty thousand square miles of territory, two millions and a half of subjects, and a revenue reaching two millions and a half of florins. Such was the result of a six months' campaign and one great victory.

Every treaty of Napoleon's marked the close of some series of tremendous victories. That of Tilsit reconciled him to Russia. The terms weighed heavy on Prussia. From that down-crushed kingdom was wrested the portion of Poland acquired by the partition of 1772, and this portion was to be called the Grand Duchy of Nassau. Russia acquired the province of Bialystok, and Dantzic was made a free city.

By the peace signed at Schönbrunn in 1809 Napoleon passed Austria under the same harrow which he had previously drawn over Prussia. At one stroke of the pen Austria surrendered forty-five thousand square miles of territory, and a population of between three and four millions. Napoleon was at first resolved to wrench from the Austrian empire both Hungary and Bohemia, but at the last moment he spared her from actual dismemberment. Eventually Austria ceded Salzburg and part of the Upper Rhine to the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine. To France she surrendered Trieste, Carniola, Friuli, the circle of Villach, and some parts of Croatia and Dalmatia. To the King of Saxony she sullenly yielded part of Bohemia, Cracow, and the whole of Western Galicia, while Russia took Eastern Galicia, with a population of four hundred thousand souls.

Such are a few of the celebrated treaties which have been knotted and woven by astute diplomatists, but which have always yielded like cobwebs to the swords of conquerors.

AN ANCIENT CITY OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

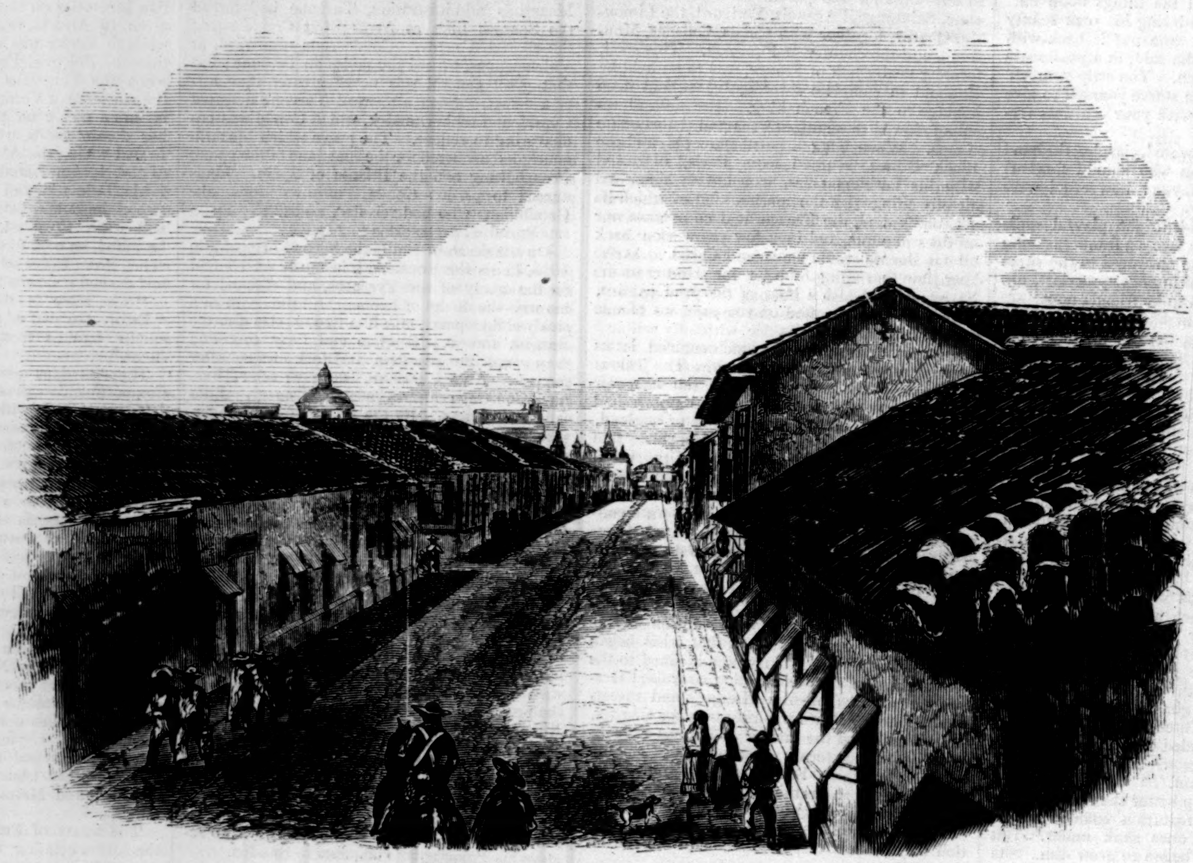


THE PALACE AT ANTIGUA GUATEMALA—NORTH VIEW.

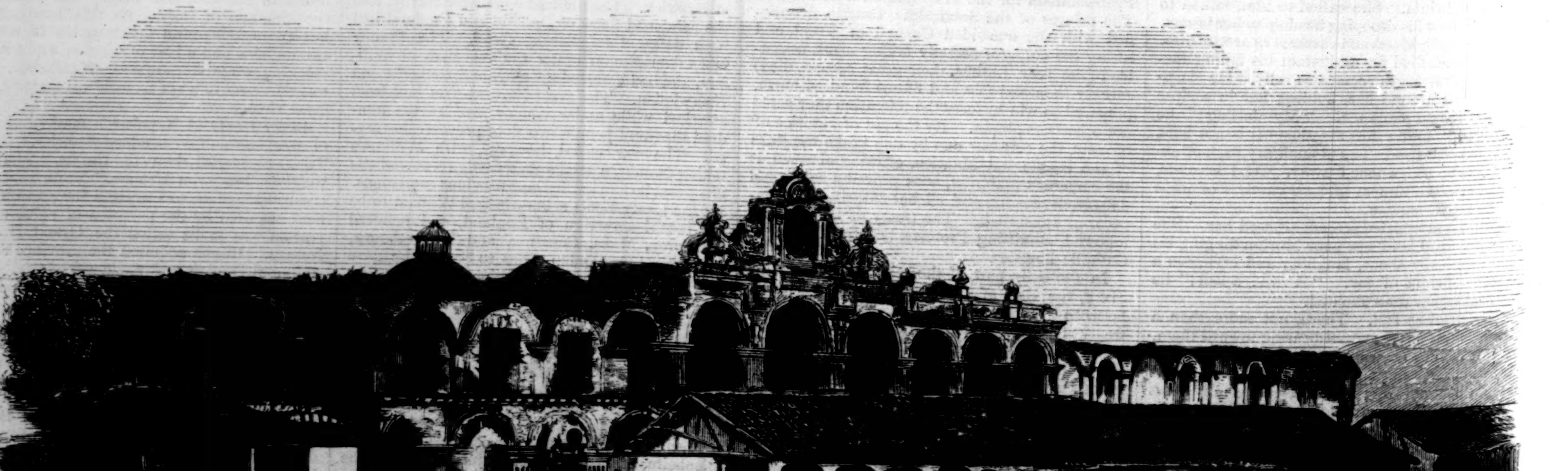
The whole region of Central America is one of great interest to American readers, as the scene of some of the most romantic passages of Spanish discovery, adventure, and conquest. An air of medieval romance still broods over the cities founded there by the Spanish conquerors. Change and enterprise are unknown. As they were nearly three centuries ago, our artist, who not long ago passed through that region, found and sketched them. On this and the opposite page we give a few selections from his port-folio, all of them views in the ancient and picturesque city of Guatemala, the most populous city of Central America.

The original capital of the republic of this name was founded by **Pedro de Alvarado** in 1524. It grew to be one of the finest cities in the New World. After being *ten* times destroyed by earthquakes between the years 1564 and 1774, the inhabitants, wearied with rebuilding only to experience repeated destructions, determined to change to a spot further removed from the great volcano of Amatitlan and that known as the "Volcan de Agua," which had caused so great loss of life and property. They resolved to build another city, and it is a singular coincidence that the new capital, now known, *par excellence*, as Guatemala, was founded in 1776—about the time of the American Declaration of Independence. Our traveler, who always journeyed sketch-book in hand, furnishes the following abstract from his diary:

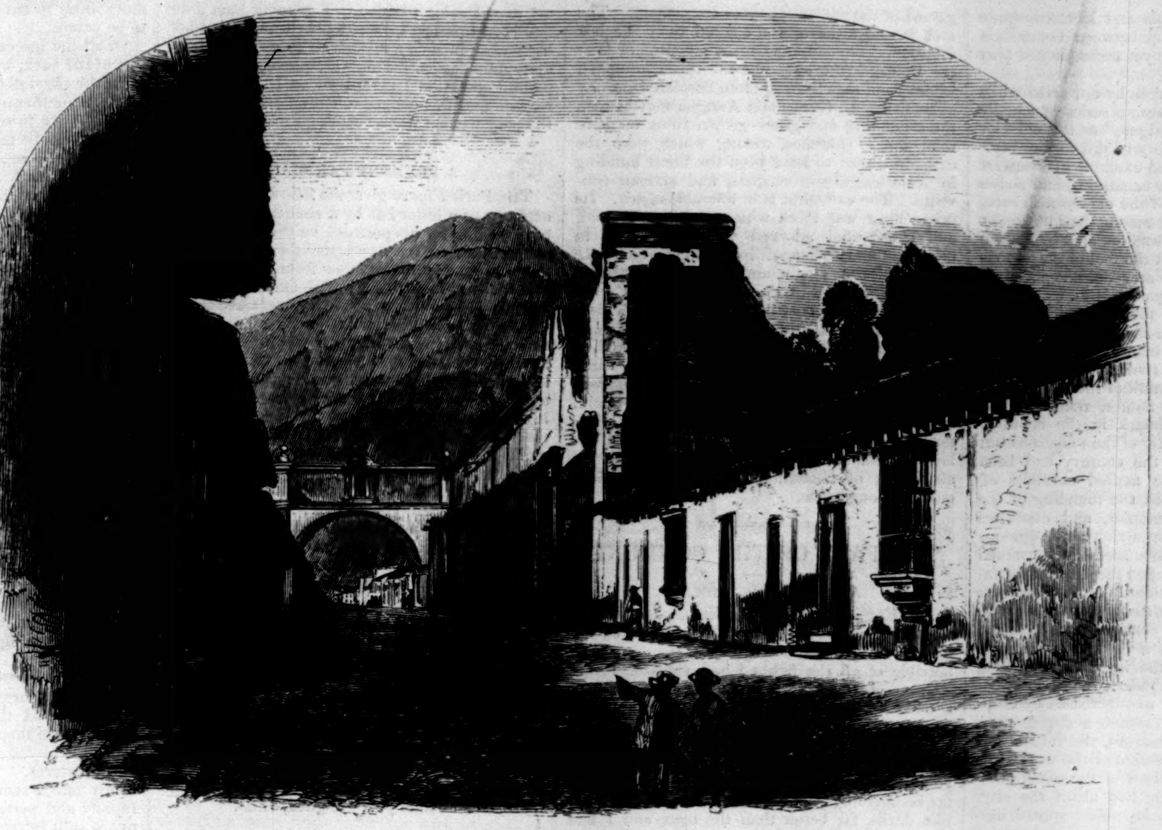
"We crossed the extensive plain (studded with trees and ornamented with numerous rows of the giant cactus) which leads toward the city. The morning sun was gilding the purple mountains, and the woods were vocal with the song of birds. In the midst of this plain stands Guatemala. Its appearance from this spot is singularly picturesque. Its numerous turrets and cupolas glistening in the sun, and its white, low houses regularly arranged at right angles, with orange-trees thickly interspersed among the buildings, form a middle ground, while the mountains encircling it, and especially the beautiful Volcan de Agua, usually crowned



CALLE REAL, NEW GUATEMALA.



THE PALACE OF ANTIGUA GUATEMALA—SOUTH VIEW.



THE ARCH OF SANTA CATARINA, ANTIGUA GUATEMALA.

with clouds, complete a picture full of interest and beauty. On one side, as you descend toward the city, are deep precipices, and on the other high, perpendicular rocks, each clothed with hanging woods and the richest verdure.

"I entered through one of the principal streets, which was well paved and provided with tolerable sidewalks. One of the first letters of introduction of which I availed myself was to our courteous *chargé d'affaires* to Guatemala, with whom I made frequent excursions about the city. Owing to the style of the houses, it occupies a great deal of ground, and appears, when viewed from a short distance, much more populous and extensive than it really is. It contains about sixty 'manzanas,' or squares of houses, formed by the intersection of the streets at right angles, and has not far from fifty thousand inhabitants. On each side of the city, as the suburbs have increased, other houses have been erected without much regard to uniformity. The public buildings are numerous, and consist of a university, five convents, four nunneries, a cathedral, four parish churches, and fifteen other churches or chapels of minor importance, besides a treasury, mint, and other government offices. Most of these are in a good style of architecture, and some of them judiciously decorated. In comparison with the churches of Puebla and Mexico they may possess few attractions; but remembering the circumstances under which they were built, they do credit both to the zeal and taste of those who superintended their erection. The utensils of gold and silver are splendid; and among other ornaments, the Church of San Domingo has a statue of the *Virgen del Rosario*, nearly six feet high, of massy silver.

"But the grand cathedral is the richest in ornaments, and is, doubtless, the principal building of Guatemala. It is situated on the eastern side of the great square. The pedestals and capitals of the columns, the vaultings of the chapels, and many other parts of it, are executed in a superior manner. It is built of white freestone, quarried near the city, and has been but recently completed, though commenced more than half a century since. It is the only church among the above-mentioned that can be regarded as a specimen of any particular order of architecture; and in this respect, as well as for its design and workmanship, it would do honor to any city in Europe or America. The cathedral at Leon, Nicaragua, is larger and more massive, but does not compare with this as a work of art.

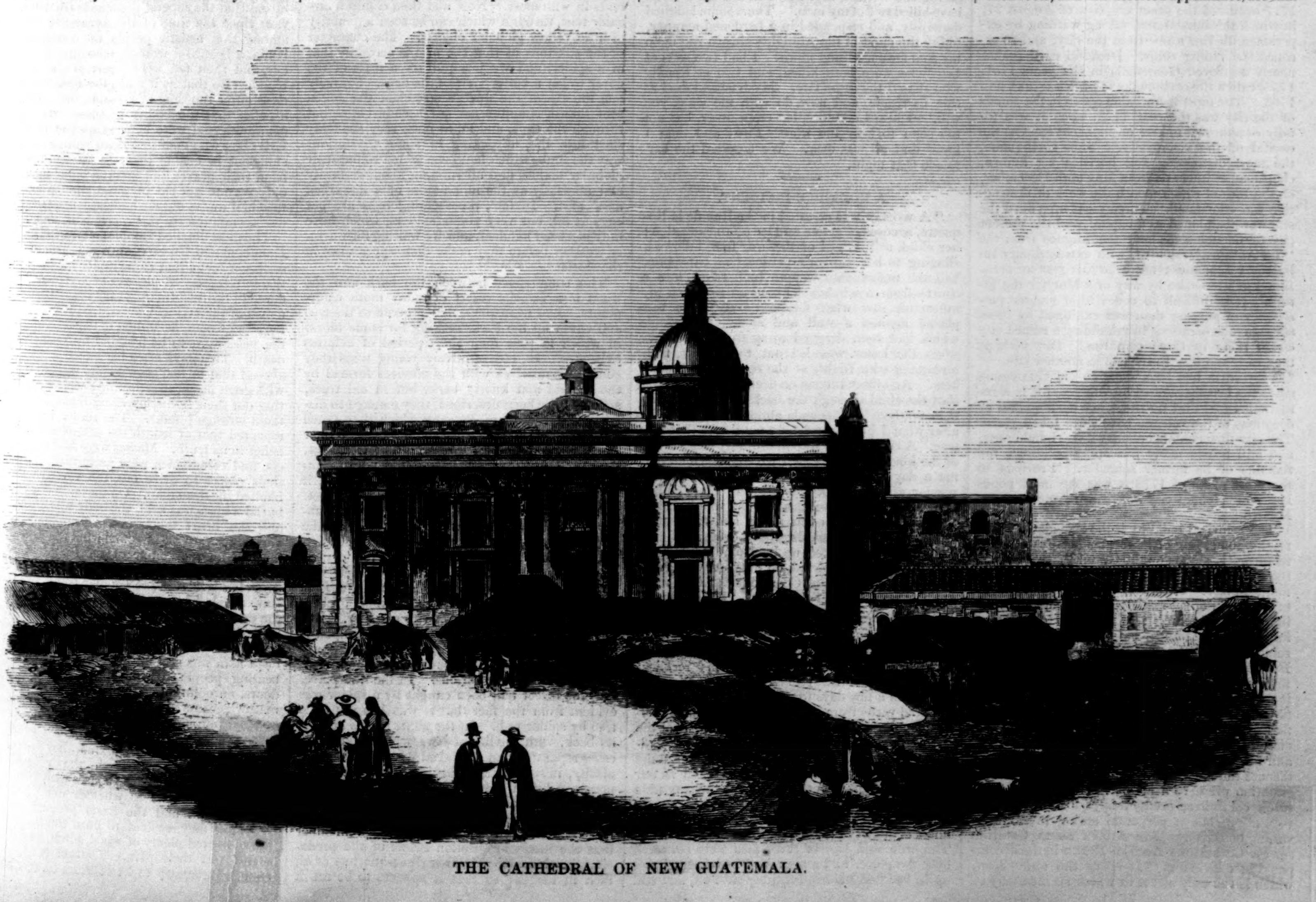
"On *dia de ceniza* we were aroused at early dawn, by the ringing of bells, to attend mass at the grand cathedral. Passing the principal entrance, which leads from the square, we found ourselves in a spacious edifice, with lofty ceiling, lighted with many candles, which enabled us to see the crowds of kneeling worshipers. There was the dark-eyed señorita, with her tidy *mantilla* and prettily ornamented *abanico;* the pompous don, enveloped in the ample folds of a cloak which perhaps concealed the lack of a shirt; the blear-eyed beldam, with straggling hairs, crossing herself with tremulous hand, as the robed priests chanted from the missal accompanied by the grand organ. There were perhaps a thousand persons down upon the pavement.

"The Plaza (or Market-place) of Guatemala is spacious and adorned with a fountain in the middle, and besides the daily market is occupied by numerous temporary shops and stalls, and surrounded by offices and buildings. Projecting piazzas form a covered walk on three sides, under which trifling articles are exposed for sale.

"Early in the morning this Plaza presents the liveliest scene in Guatemala. Here are gathered crowds of market-women, with large flat baskets filled with the delicious fruits of the country—such as nisperos, bananas, melons, peaches, figs, pears, anonas, zapotes, cocoa-nuts, oranges, and dozens of others. Among the throng may be seen swarthy Indian faces from the wilds of Vera Paz and the confines of Yucatan and Oajaca; some with bundles of vanilla, sarsaparilla, and gum-arabic for sale; others with little sacks of allspice or valuable medicinal herbs and plants common to the wilds of the unexplored interior. Some of these gentry wear a physiognomy that would scarcely be deemed prepossessing if encountered in some lonely mountain pass; but though fierce and vindictive, they are harmless and even sociable with those they consider their friends. Monkeys, macaws, and parrots scream and scold from the stalls; leathern-lunged itinerants shout the names of their curious wares, and besiege you, with the pertinacity of a fan or bouquet vendor in a New York theatre; here a fat padre, in canonical robes and shovel hat, eating his morning lime, smoking his cigarro, or perhaps chaffering with some precocious youth for a game-cock which must be ready for the pit when mass is over; trains of mules coming and going, donkeys braying, bells clanging; caballeros, mounted on gayly caparisoned steeds, sweeping steadily past for the accustomed ride in the environs or along the famous aqueducts; slight and elegant female forms glide through the crowd, now and then coquettishly tossing aside the mantilla, and revealing a murderous array of killing eyes, raven hair, and splendid complexion and color—for in Guatemala there are ladies who pride themselves on their direct descent from the old Castilian conquerors—and all preserve the custom of taking an airing in the freshness of the morning.

"The houses of Guatemala consist of only one story, and, occupying a great deal of ground, they present to the street only a series of whitewashed walls and red-tiled roofs, with here and there a window carefully guarded by large bars of iron, and a pair of massy folding-doors studded on the outside with heavy nails, thus giving to it—especially during the *hora de siesta*—more the appearance of a deserted than an inhabited city. The streets are mostly broad, but, with few exceptions, wretchedly paved, with a considerable declivity on each side, which forms a gutter in the middle; so that while after a heavy shower of rain they are almost impassable from the sudden stream of water, at other times the sharp-pointed and ill-arranged pebbles extort groans from the unhappy sufferer who, in light shoes, does the penance of passing over them.

"One of the principal streets of the city is the Calle Real, or Royal Street, leading in the direction of the eastern gate. The accompanying illustration represents this thoroughfare, which is the residence of many of the aristocracy of Guatemala. Its low, prison-like dwellings, the tiled roofs, and half-deserted appearance, are char-



THE CATHEDRAL OF NEW GUATEMALA.

acteristic. A considerable and lucrative trade must eventually spring up between Guatemala and San Francisco by the yet unfrequented port of Istapa."

Among the sketches taken by our artist while traveling in Guatemala were a series of equally faithful ones of "La Antigua," or the old city of Guatemala. The history of this former capital affords an unparalleled example of disasters by earthquakes and other calamities, and shows the recuperative energy of the old Spanish race, now so completely extinct among their unworthy descendants. The city was founded by **PEDRO DE ALVARADO** in 1524, at the foot of the famous "Volcan de Agua," or Water Volcano—a situation which pleased the Spaniards by its fine climate, the beauty of its meadows, delightfully watered by running streams, and particularly from its lying between two lofty mountains, from one of which descended rivulets from every direction, and from the summit of the other issued volumes of smoke and flames, rendering the place a remarkable landmark in the country. The conquest and slaughter of the numerous but feeble tribes inhabiting the country had been nearly completed by the mailed cavaliers of Spain; yet they celebrated the founding of the city with religious ceremonies, and doubtless looked forward to rearing a rich and populous emporium. But Providence seemed determined to avenge their cruelties upon the defenseless natives by periodical visitations. Seventeen years after the inaugurating ceremonies a terrific rain began to descend, and continued three days, more like the torrent of a cataract than rain. The fury of the wind, the incessant appalling lightning and dreadful thunder, were indescribable. The general terror was increased by eruptions from the volcano to such a degree that, in this combination of horrors, the inhabitants imagined the final destruction of the world was at hand. Violent vibrations of the earth prostrated multitudes as they fled about the city, and deafening subterranean noises spread universal dismay. Soon an immense torrent of water rushed down from the summit of the volcano, forcing down enormous fragments of rocks and large trees, which, descending upon the town, overwhelmed and destroyed it with crowds of the inhabitants. The city, however, was rebuilt near the same site, and for twenty years after an annual fast was held in commemoration of the event. In 1565 and in 1577 Guatemala was repeatedly overthrown by similar calamities; but in 1586 it was visited by a terrific earthquake, reducing it to a heap of ruins, and burying great numbers of people under the ruins. The earth shook with such violence that the tops of mountains were torn off and thrown down, and awful chasms opened along the country. In 1607 another earthquake partially ruined Guatemala, and in 1651 the most terrible of all took place, when a violent hurricane accompanied the shocks, and blew the tops of the houses into the air. The bells of the churches before they fell were tolled by the vibrations, masses of earth and rock were detached from the mountains, and wild beasts were so terrified that they sought shelter in the habitations of men. Others occurred in 1663 and 1689, which are recorded as "memorable disasters." In 1717 occurred the great eruption of August 27, in which the inhabitants, taking warning by experience, fled *en masse* from the city, and so escaped the falling ruins. Dreadful earthquakes nearly destroyed Guatemala in the years 1751, 1757 (called the earthquake of St. **FRANCIS**), and 1765. The most memorable epoch in the annals of the city was the year 1773, when it was totally overthrown to rise no more, at least as the capital of the viceroyalty. This earthquake, the most distressing and horrible yet known, continued at intervals from May until December, on the 13th of which month the work of destruction was completed. Three years afterward the site was abandoned as a capital, and the present city of Guatemala, about ten leagues from the "La Antigua," founded, with extraordinary religious ceremonies; but even this gets an occasional gentle shake by way of a hint for the future. It is difficult to conceive of greater persistency of purpose than was exhibited by these successive generations in rebuilding a ruined city *eleven times* in three centuries! But perhaps they were too lazy to remove to another site.

Very little has been done to old Guatemala since the last-mentioned disaster, and it is a remarkable fact that no shocks of earthquakes or eruptions of the volcano have since taken place. The city now contains about 12,000 inhabitants, and still boasts many fine stone buildings, the remains of its former splendor. Previous to the earthquake of 1773 it was the most populous and splendid city in Spanish America after Mexico.

The principal building is the old palace, which retains something of its former beauty of architecture. It stands on the Grand Plaza, in which rows of adobe and tiled houses are erected as a market-place. Here the laziness and lethargy of "La Antigua" exhibits itself every morning in crowds of loungers, whose only method of killing time seems to be smoking cigarros and retailing scandal and the latest political news. But all business has long left the place. The town is abundantly supplied with water, which is every where diffused with pipes; two rivers flow through the valley, from which hundreds of flower and vegetable gardens are irrigated. The climate is said to be "the best in the world," and few after inhaling its invigorating air would dispute the assertion. Its altitude and peculiar situation preserve a happy medium of temperature; cold never predominates to the injury of vegetation, but a perpetual spring presents its varied bounties. The Arc of Santa Catarina (or St. Catherine's Arch) is shown in the accompanying engraving. It spans the *Calle Real*, which is the only street in which an idea may be gained of the ancient glory of Guatemala. The arch is said to have been erected since the last eruption. Beyond appears the redoubtable Water Volcano (the only one on this continent), whose vomitings have so often desolated the city at its foot. In Guatemala Antigua may be seen the crumbling and grass-grown ruins of more than thirty churches, among which were the cathedral, said to have been the finest building in America, eleven chapels, and sixteen convents. The cathedral is in tolerable repair. Its grand altar was faced with tortoise-shell, gold, and silver, and adorned with medallions in bronze, of fine workmanship; on the cornice were statues of the Virgin and Twelve Apostles in ivory. The ashes of the great warrior, **PEDRO DE ALVARADO**, repose beneath the altar. This is he who performed the celebrated feat of tossing an orange over the cathedral at Seville, standing on one foot upon a projecting beam at a dizzy height above the pavement. His ambition was to display his courage to the Queen of Spain, who was observing his perilous adventure. His terrible sword and the shouts of his mailed followers once struck terror to the hearts of the aborigines of Guatemala; but they all sleep quietly enough now.

THE FALL OF THE COMMUNE.

A DESPERATE WOMAN.

AN English surgeon in the service of the Commune writes respecting its last hours as follows: "Then commenced, perhaps, the most horrible of all the fights I had yet seen in the streets. Just as the Nationals were retreating, a battalion of women came up the street at a trot, and, with cries of 'Viva la Commune,' began firing. They were armed with the Snider rifle, and fired admirably. Many pretty-looking young girls were there, destined no doubt, for far better things than killing men. They fought like devils, far better than the men, and I had the pain of seeing fifty-two shot down even when they had been surrounded by the troops and disarmed. I saw about sixty men shot at the same place as the women, at the same time. A touching little incident met my view, which completely unmanned me. While Paris was blazing in the night, the cannon roaring, and the musket rolling, a poor woman was crouching inside a cart and crying bitterly. I offered her a glass of wine and a piece of bread. She refused it, saying, 'For the short time I have to live I shall not need it.' The troops were then on the other side of the barricades, having taken the Caserne du Prince Eugène, Château d'Eau, and at midnight the firing ceased. Suddenly I heard six shots in rapid succession, and by their sound knew them to be revolver reports. A great uproar on the other side of the barricade followed, and looking, at a great risk, out of the window, I saw the poor woman I have just described about to be seized by four troopers, who were divesting her rapidly of her outer garments. Impelled by I know not what, I left the house, and crept over the barricade, and crouched down by the lamp-post on the other side. I heard the harsh voice of the officer in command of the troops interrogating the woman, saying, 'You are brave—you have killed two of my men.' The woman laughed derisively, and responded in a hardened manner, 'May the curse of the Almighty always rest upon my soul for not killing more! I had two sons at Issy, who were both killed, and two at Neuilly who shared the same fate. My husband died at this barricade, and now do with me what you will.' I heard no more, but crept away, but not too soon to hear the word 'Fire!' and then I knew that all was over. We deserted the barricade that night."

A HORRIBLE INCIDENT.

"A WOMAN was arrested in the Rue de la Roquette, accused of arson, and led off to execution; her child, a little girl of three or four, followed, clinging to her mother's petticoats. No sooner had the unfortunate woman been taken into a court—from a window looking on to which my informant saw what followed—than she was placed against a wall and shot. The child, which had been dragged away from its mother when the latter was led out to be shot, fled, screaming with fright, at the report of the muskets. An officer thereupon drew his revolver and shot the child through the back as it ran, killing it instantly. This sounds almost incredible, but after what I have heard I do not doubt that it is true. A staff officer, who in ordinary times is one of the kindest-hearted men I have ever met, told me a day or two ago that some hours after the regular army had got possession of the Château de la Muette, a mysterious rapping was heard in a cupboard. Search was made, and two unfortunate National Guards were dragged forth. They had been locked up by Dombrowski's orders for having got drunk on duty—a very common crime under the Commune. 'And what did you do to them?' I asked. 'Do to them?' was the answer; 'why, shot them, of course.'"

A FRIGHTFUL OCCURRENCE.

A MEDICAL student, in giving his recollections of Communistic scenes, writes: "We were obliged in a few days to remove our ambulance a hundred yards from the ramparts. A most melancholy disaster happened on the morning of the 17th of May. I had ordered a number of wounded men to be put into a separate apartment at the back of the large building we had taken as our ambulance, and containing about twenty-nine men, when a bomb of 60 lbs. in weight came in through the glass roof, exploded on the floor, killed eighteen of them, and wounded all the rest. The arms and legs of these men were scattered over the place, and a man who had been sitting up in bed had his head entirely shot off, and still sat in the same position. The room next door had been smashed in, and a poor woman had her leg broken in such a manner as to require immediate amputation. This was, perhaps, the most painful operation I performed, as I had no chloroform, and was obliged to cut off the limb while the poor woman was screaming dreadfully."

A PRUDENT PARISIAN.

THE Paris *Figaro* gives the following as an exact copy of a letter left by a resident in the Rue St. Apolline for his portress, on the occasion of his quitting on the day when the attempt was made to remove the cannons from Montmartre: "My dear Madame Dupont,—On mature consideration, I would prefer, having explained them, to leave you instructions in writing as to your conduct in any event which may occur during my absence. In the first place, you will yourself keep the key of the cellar which contains wine and wood, and that of my apartments. In a dining-room you will find three rolls upon the table, numbered 1, 2, and 3. If the mob come and make a barricade in the Rue St. Apolline, near the house, you will instantly go up to my rooms, open the roll No. 1, and, taking out the red flag contained therein, you will fasten it to the stick which I have myself tied to the balcony: there are hooks in the stuff, you will only have to fasten them on. If the mob threaten my apartments, you will tell them that I am well known as a friend of the people, and that I offer them brandy to drink my health and wood to make a fire at night in the barricade. If the barricade is taken by the French, you will hasten to take away the red flag, and instantly replace it by the flag No. 2, which is tricolor; you will offer wine to the soldiers, and give them wood if they bivouac in the quarter. If the Prussians meddle in the matter, you will hide Nos. 1 and 2, and hook on No. 3, which is a Prussian flag. You will give Champagne and wood. I think I need say no more, and I salute you.—Signed, L. D."

LIFE UNDER THE BARK.

TAKEN roughly, all the creatures which are found under the bark of trees may be divided into two classes—namely, those who have resorted there for shelter during the cold months of winter, and those which feed upon the bark or the substance of the tree itself. The former can always be found under the bark of old trees, especially oaks and willows. The latter, however, are the most prolific in insect life. In many old willows the bark is slightly separated from the trunk for many feet, and although no external sign be given of this fact, the hollow sound which is returned when the outside of the tree is tapped is a sufficient proof. On carefully removing one of these sheets of bark from the tree a most extraordinary sight is often presented.

The space between the bark and wood is a vast camp of insect armies, their white and glittering tents being set so closely together that there is not room for a finger's tip between them. Under the bark also flourish certain colonies of flat white cryptogams, which spread themselves in fan-like rays, and almost rival the silken insect tents in whiteness. Now and then comes a circular tent, through which can be seen a quantity of little yellow globular objects. The character of the silk tells us that the nest is certainly that of a spider, and we just pull off a little of the cover to get a better view of the eggs. Scarcely has the tip of the forceps stretched the silken roof than a simultaneous stir becomes apparent through the eggs, and all at once they suddenly start into life, unpacking in some mysterious way the limbs which had been folded round their globular bodies, and all running about as busily and aimlessly as the inhabitants of a disturbed ants' nest. In fact, the seeming eggs are not eggs at all, but very young spiders, which have only just been hatched, and are waiting for warmer weather before they make their appearance in the world.

This same space between the bark and the wood is a favorite resort of many moth caterpillars. Led by instinct, they proceed to the tree and climb up the bark, seeking for some recess in which to pass their short period of helpless existence. In comparatively young trees they content themselves with the crevices formed by the rugged and knotty bark, but in old trees, such as have been described, they manage to discover some aperture, through which they crawl into the large sheltered space, and there spin their silken home. Careful investigation shows that, however safe such a retreat may be for the insect while in its pupal or chrysalis condition, it is little more than a trap for the perfect insect. For not only are spiders' eggs to be found "under the bark," but spiders themselves also take up their residence there, and find ample subsistence in the many insects that have found their way under the bark and can not find their way out again. A short time ago I found, under the bark of an old willow-tree, the remains of a beetle which had fallen a victim to a spider. Unfortunately the edge of the chisel came upon it and damaged the specimen, or I should have cut it out and preserved it for my museum, as I never saw any thing more curious. In the first place, that the insect had been caught by a spider was evident from the fact that it was bound to the tree by spider web. In the next, it was laid on its back, with the limbs, jaws, wings, and wing-cases separated and displayed with as much regularity, in spread-eagle fashion, as if it had been prepared by an entomologist as a specimen of insect anatomy. Now that any beetle should have been so treated is remarkable enough, but it is still more wonderful when we remember that the insect in question is one of the predacious beetles, and measures three-quarters of an inch in length; so that it appears to be much more likely to eat the spider than to allow itself to be eaten.

Of all the insects which hibernate in the crevices of the bark, by far the greater number seem to be the chrysalides of various moths, which, as a rule, hide themselves so well that they need a practiced eye to see them, and, even though the greatest care be taken, are often accidentally destroyed. It is extremely provoking, after selecting an apparently safe spot for the chisel, to see a white, creamy fluid run along the blade, and then to know that the tool has passed through the body of a chrysalis which has hidden itself so cleverly as to escape observation. The most successful of these hiders is the puss moth, the chrysalis of which lies hidden in a singularly ingenious cocoon. When the caterpillar is full fed it crawls to the trunk of the tree and looks about for a crevice in the rough bark. Into this crevice it insinuates itself, and begins at once to nibble the bark into tiny chips, which it fastens together with the silk-fluid discharged from its spinnerets, and so makes a cocoon which completely shelters it. Owing to the materials of which the cocoon is made, it exactly resembles the bark and can scarcely be distinguished from it; and as the caterpillar took care to retire into the crevice before spinning, the surface of the cocoon does not project beyond that of the bark in general. Very often when the eye fails in detecting a cocoon the touch succeeds, the material of the cocoon being soft; but this is not the case with the puss moth, whose cocoon is much harder than the bark of which it was made, the silk-fluid forming a wonderfully firm and tough cement.

Under the bark are also the relics of other creatures. For example, in one willow-tree, the nut-hatch and the squirrel have both left their marks in the shape of sundry hazel-nuts. There is no difficulty of distinguishing the work of these two creatures. The nut-hatch wedges the nut firmly into a crevice of the bark, and hammers rapidly and perseveringly at the point until the nut is split in two as neatly as a boy could do it with his knife. The bird then goes off with the kernel, and leaves the halves of the shells where they happen to lie, some of them being still fixed in the bark, some lying on the ground, and some having slipped between the bark and the wood. The squirrel treats its nuts in a different manner, first gnawing off the tip, and then splitting the shell with its chisel-shaped teeth. Sometimes it gets hold of a bad nut, and after nibbling at the tip throws it away. In the same tree that has just been mentioned were several bad nuts, each of which had been tested by a squirrel, and then thrown into the hollow between the tree and the bark.

AMPIRES AND GHOULS.

THESE gentry are not yet quite dead: at least the belief in them still lingers in some country districts; while in Southeastern Europe and Southwestern Asia the credence prevails among whole tribes and even nations. There appears to be no essential difference between the European vampire and the Asiatic ghoul—a sort of demon delighting to animate the bodies of dead persons and feed upon their blood. It is believed that the superstition has existed in the Levant since the time of the ancient Greeks; but among that artistic people the vampire was a lamia, a beautiful woman, who allured youths to her, and then fed upon their young flesh and blood. Be that as it may, the Byzantine Christians, after the time of Constantine, entertained a belief that the bodies of those who died excommunicated were kept by an emissary of the Evil One, who endowed them with a sort of life sufficient to enable them to go forth at night from their graves and feast on other men. The only way to get rid of these passive agents of mischief was to dig the bodies up from the graves, disexcommunicate them, and bury them.

The most detailed vampire stories belong to the Danubian and Greek countries. Tournefort describes a scene that came under his personal notice in Greece. A peasant of Mycone was murdered in the fields in the year 1701. He had been a man of quarrelsome, ill-natured disposition: just the sort of man, according to the current belief of the peasantry, to be haunted by vampires after death. Two days after his burial it was noised abroad that he had been seen to walk in the night with great haste, overturning people's goods, putting out their lights, pinching them, and playing them strange pranks. The rumor was so often repeated that at length the priests avowed their belief in its truth. Masses were said in the chapels, and ceremonies were performed, having for their object to drive out the vampire that inhabited the dead man. On the tenth day after the burial a mass was said, the body was disinterred, and the heart taken out. Frankincense was burned to ward off infection; but the by-standers insisted on the smoke of the frankincense being a direct emanation from the dead body—a sure sign, according to popular belief, of vampirism. They burned the heart on the sea-shore—the conventional way of getting rid of vampires. Still this did not settle the matter. Positive statements went the round of the village that the dead man was still up to all kinds of mischief—beating people in the night, breaking down doors, unroofing houses, shaking windows. The matter became serious. Many of the inhabitants were so thoroughly frightened and panic-stricken as to flee, while those who remained nearly lost all self-control. They debated, they fasted, they made processions through the village, they sprinkled the doors of the houses with holy water, they speculated as to whether mass had been properly said and the heart properly burned. At length they resolved to burn the body itself; they collected plenty of wood, pitch, and tar, and carried out their plan. Tournefort (who had found it necessary to be cautious as to expressing his incredulity) states that no more was heard of the supposed vampire.

In the year 1725, on the border of Hungary and Transylvania, a vampire story arose, which was renewed afterward in a noteworthy way. A peasant of Madveiga, named Arnold Paul, was crushed to death by the fall of a wagon-load of hay. Thirty days afterward four persons died, with all the symptoms (according to popular belief) of their blood having been sucked by vampires. Some of the neighbors remembered having heard Arnold say that he had often been tormented by a vampire; and they jumped to a conclusion that the passive vampire had now become active. This was in accordance with a kind of formula, or theorem, on the subject: that a man who, when alive, has had his blood sucked by a vampire, will, after his death, deal with other persons in like manner. The neighbors exhumed Arnold Paul, drove a stake through the heart, cut off the head, and burned the body. The bodies of the four persons who had recently died were treated in a similar way, to make assurance doubly sure. Nevertheless even this did not suffice. In 1732, seven years after these events, seventeen persons died in the village near about one time. The memory of the unlucky Arnold recurred to the villagers; the vampire theory was again appealed to; he was believed to have dealt with the seventeen as he had previously dealt with the four; and they were therefore disinterred, the heads cut off, the hearts staked, the bodies burned, and the ashes dispersed. One supposition was that Arnold had vampirized some cattle, that the seventeen villagers had eaten of the beef, and had fallen victims in consequence. This affair attracted much attention at the time. Louis the Fifteenth directed his embassador at Vienna to make inquiries in the matter. Many of the witnesses attested on oath that the disinterred bodies were full of blood, and exhibited few of the usual symptoms of death—indications which the believers in vampires stoutly maintained to be always present in such cases. This has induced many physicians to think that real cases of catalepsy, or trance, were mixed up with the popular belief, and were supplemented by a large allowance of epidemic fanaticism.

Calmet, in his curious work relating to the marvels of the phantom world, quotes a letter which was written in 1738, and which added one to the long list of vampire stories belonging to the Danubian provinces. "We have just had in this part of Hungary a scene of vampirism, duly attested by two officials of the tribunal of Belgrade, who went down to the places specified, and by an officer of the emperor's troops at Graditz, who was an ocular witness of the proceedings. At the beginning of September there died in the village of Kisilony, three leagues from Graditz, a man sixty-two years of age. Three days after his burial he appeared in the night to his son, and asked for something to eat. The son having given him something, he ate and disappeared. The next day the son recounted to his neighbors what had occurred. That night the father did not appear; but on the following night he showed himself, and asked again for food. They do not know whether the son gave him any on that occasion or not; but on the following day the son was found dead in his bed. On that same day five or six persons in the village fell suddenly ill, and died one after another in a few days." The villagers resolved to open the grave of the old man and examine the body; they did so, and declared that the symptoms presented were such as usually pertain to vampirism—eyes open, fresh color, etc. The executioner drove a stake into the heart, and reduced the body to ashes. All the other persons recently dead were similarly exhumed; but as they did not exhibit the suspicious symptoms, they were quietly re-interred.

This superstition appears to be closely connected with that of the were-wolf, which sometimes presents very terrible features. Medical men give the name of lycanthropy to a kind of monomania which lies at the bottom of all the were-wolf stories. In popular interpretations, a were-wolf is a man or woman who has been changed into the form of a wolf, either to gratify a taste for human flesh and blood, or as a divine punishment. The Reverend Baring Gould narrates the history of Marshal de Rets, a noble, brave, and wealthy man of the time of Charles the Seventh in France. He was sane and reasonable in all matters save one; but in that one he was a terrible being. He delighted in putting young and delicate children to death, and then destroying them, without (so far as appears) wishing to put the flesh or the blood to his lips. In the course of a lengthened trial which brought his career to an end, the truth came to light that he had destroyed eight hundred children in seven years. There was neither accusation nor confession about a wolf here; it was a man afflicted with a morbid propensity of a dreadful kind. An extraordinary case of this mania occurred in France in 1849, the facts being brought to light before a court-martial, presided over by Colonel Manselon. Many of the cemeteries near Paris were found to have been entered in the night, graves opened, coffins disturbed, and dead bodies strewed around the place in a torn and mangled condition. This was so often repeated, and in so many cemeteries, that great anguish and terror were spread among the people. A strict watch was kept. Some of the patrols or police of the cemeteries thought they saw a figure several times flitting about among the graves, but could never quite satisfy themselves on the matter. Surgeons were examined to ascertain whether it was the work of the class of men who used, in England, to be called resurrectionists, or body-snatchers; but they all declared that the wild, reckless mutilation was quite of another character. Again was a strict watch kept; a kind of man-trap was contrived at a part of the wall of Père la Chaise cemetery, which appeared as if it had been frequently scaled. A sort of grenade connected with the man-trap was heard to explode; the watch fired their guns; some one was seen to flee quickly; and then they found traces of blood, and a few fragments of military clothing, at one particular spot. Next day it became publicly known that a non-commissioned officer of the Seventy-fourth regiment had returned wounded to the barracks in the middle of the night, and had been conveyed to a military hospital. Further inquiry led to a revelation of the fact that Sergeant Bertrand, of the regiment here named, was the unhappy cause of all the turmoil. He was in general demeanor kind and gentle, frank and gay; and nothing but a malady of a special kind could have driven him to the commission of such crimes as those with which he was charged, and which his own confession helped to confirm. He described the impulse under which he acted as being irresistible, altogether beyond his own control; it came upon him about once a fortnight. He had a terrible consciousness while under its influence, and yet he could not resist. The minute details which he gave to the tribunal of his mode of proceeding at the cemeteries might suit those who like to sup on horrors, but may be dispensed with here. Suffice it to say that he aided by his confession to corroborate the charge, that he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and that eminent physicians of Paris endeavored to restore the balance of his mind during his quiet incarceration.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

MR. ROLFE reached Bellevue House in time to make a hasty toilet, and dine with Dr. Suaby in his private apartments.

The other guests were Sir Charles Bassett, Mr. Hyam—a meek, sorrowful patient—an Exquisite, and Miss Wieland.

Dr. Suaby introduced him to every body but the Exquisite.

Mr. Rolfe said Sir Charles Bassett and he were correspondents.

"So I hear. He tells you the secrets of the prison-house, eh?"

"The humors of the place, you mean."

"Yes, he has a good eye for character. I suppose he has dissected me along with the rest?"

"No, no; he has only dealt with the minor eccentricities. His pen failed at you. 'You must come and *see* the doctor,' he said. So here I am."

"Oh," said the doctor, "if your wit and his are both to be leveled at me, I had better stop your mouths. Dinner! dinner! Sir Charles, will you take Miss Wieland? Sorry we have not another lady to keep you company, madam."

"Are you? Then I'm not," said the lady, smartly.

The dinner passed like any other, only Rolfe observed that Dr. Suaby took every fair opportunity of drawing the pluckless Mr. Hyam into conversation, and that he coldly ignored the Exquisite.

"I have seen that young man about town, I think," said Mr. Rolfe. "Where was it, I wonder?"

"The Argyll Rooms, or the Casino, probably."

"Thank you, doctor. Oh, I forgot; you owed me one. He is no favorite of yours."

"Certainly not. And I only invited him medicinally."

"Medicinally? That's too deep for a layman."

"To flirt with Miss Wieland. Flirting does her good."

"Medicine embraces a wider range than I thought."

"No doubt. You are always talking about medicine; but you know very little, begging your pardon."

"That is the theory of compensation. When you know very little about a thing you must talk a great deal about it. Well, I'm here for instruction; thirsting for it."

"All the better; we'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart."

"All right: but not of your favorite Acetate of Morphia; because that is the draught that takes the reason prisoner."

"It's no favorite of mine. Indeed, experience has taught me that all sedatives excite; if they soothe at first, they excite next day. My antidotes to mental excitement are packing in lukewarm water, and, best of all, hard bodily exercise and the perspiration that follows it. To put it shortly—prolonged bodily excitement antidotes mental excitement."

"I'll take a note of that. It is the wisest thing I ever heard from any learned physician."

"Yet many a learned physician knows it. But you are a little prejudiced against the faculty."

"Only in their business. They are delightful out of that. But, come now, nobody hears us—confess, the system which prescribes drugs, drugs, drugs at every visit and in every case, and does not give a severe selection of esculents the first place, but only the second or third, must be rotten at the core. Don't you despise a layman's eye. All the professions want it."

"Well, you are a writer; publish a book, call it Medicina laici, and send me a copy."

"To slash in the *Lancet*? Well, I will: when novels cease to pay and truth begins to."

In the course of the evening Mr. Rolfe drew Dr. Suaby apart, and said, "I must tell you frankly, I mean to relieve you of one of your inmates."

"Only one? I was in hopes you would relieve me of all the sane people. They say you are ingenious at it. All I know is, I can't get rid of an inmate if the person who signed the order resists. Now, for instance, here's a Mrs. Hallam came here unsound: religious delusion. Has been cured two months. I have reported her so to her son-in-law, who signed the order; but he will not discharge her. He is vicious, she scriptural; bores him about eternity. Then I wrote to the Commissioners in Lunacy; but they don't like to strain their powers, so they wrote to the affectionate son-in-law, and he politely declines to act. Sir Charles Bassett the same: three weeks ago I reported him cured, and the detaining relative has not even replied to me."

"Got a copy of your letter?"

"Of course. But what if I tell you there is a gentleman here who never had any business to come, yet he is as much a fixture as the grates. I took him blindfold along with the house. I signed a deed, and it is so stringent I can't evade one of my predecessor's engagements. This old rogue committed himself to my predecessor's care, under medical certificates; the order he signed himself."

"Illegal, you know."

"Of course; but where's the remedy? The person who signed the order must rescind it. But this sham lunatic won't rescind it. Altogether the tenacity of an asylum is prodigious. The statutes are written with bird-lime. Twenty years ago that old Skinflint found the rates and taxes intolerable; and doesn't every body find them intolerable? To avoid these rates and taxes he shut up his house, captured himself, and took himself here; and here he will end his days, excluding some genuine patient, unless *you* sweep him into the street for me."

"Sindbad, I will try," said Rolfe, solemnly; "but I must begin with Sir Charles Bassett. By-the-bye, about his crotchet?"

"Oh, he has still an extravagant desire for children. But the cerebral derangement is cured, and the other, standing by itself, is a foible, not a mania. It is only a natural desire in excess. If they brought me Rachel merely because she had said, 'Give me children, or I die,' and I found her a healthy woman in other respects, I should object to receive her on that score alone."

"You are deadly particular—compared with some of them," said Rolfe.

That evening he made an appointment with Sir Charles, and visited him in his room at 8 A.M. He told him he had seen Lady Bassett in London, and, of course, he had to answer many questions. He then told him he came expressly to effect his liberation.

"I am grateful to you, Sir," said Sir Charles, with a suppressed and manly emotion.

"Here are my instructions from Lady Bassett; short, but to the point."

"May I keep that?"

"Why, of course."

Sir Charles kissed his wife's line, and put the note in his breast.

"The first step," said Rolfe, "is to cut you in two. That is soon done. You must copy in your own hand, and then sign, this writing." And he handed him a paper.

"*I, Charles Dyke Bassett, being of sound mind, instruct James Sharpe, of Gray's Inn, my Solicitor, to sue the person who signed the order for my incarceration—in the Court of Common Pleas; and to take such other steps for my relief as may be advised by my counsel, Mr. Francis Rolfe.*"

"Excuse me," said Sir Charles, "if I make one objection. Mr. Oldfield has been my solicitor for many years. I fear it will hurt his feelings if I intrust the matter to a stranger. Would there be any objection to my inserting Mr. Oldfield's name, Sir?"

"Only this: he would think he knew better than I do; and then I, who know better than he does, and am very vain and arrogant, should throw up the case in a passion, and go back to my MS.; and humdrum Oldfield would go to Equity instead of law; and all the costs would fall on your estate instead of on your enemy; and you would be here eighteen months instead of eight or ten days. No, Sir Charles, you can't mix Champagne and ditch-water; you can't make Invention row in a boat with Antique Twaddle, and you mustn't ask me to fight your battle with a blunt knife, when I have got a sharp knife that fits my hand."

Mr. Rolfe said this with more irritation than was justified, and revealed one of the great defects in his character.

Sir Charles saw his foible, smiled, and said, "I withdraw a proposal which I see annoys you." He then signed the paper.

Mr. Rolfe broke out all smiles directly, and said, "Now you are cut in two. One you is here; but Sharpe is another you. Thus, one you works out of the asylum, and one in, and that makes all the difference. Compare notes with those who have tried the other way. Yet, simple and obvious as this is, would you believe it, I alone have discovered this method; I alone practice it."

He sent his secretary off to London at once, and returned to Sir Charles. "The authority will be with Sharpe at 2.30. He will be at Whitehall 3.15, and examine the order. He will take the writ out at once, and if Richard Bassett is the man, he will serve it on him to-morrow in good time, and send one of your grooms over here on horseback with the news. We serve the writ personally, because we have shufflers to deal with, and I will not give them a chance. Now I must go and write a lie or two for the public; and then inspect the asylum with Suaby. Before post-time I will write to a friend of mine who is a Commissioner of Lunacy, one of the strong-minded ones. We may as well have two strings to our bow."

Sir Charles thanked him gracefully, and said, "It is a rare thing, in this selfish world, to see one man interest himself in the wrongs of another, as you are good enough to do in mine."

"Oh," said Rolfe, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. My business is Lying; and I drudge at it. So to escape now and then to the play-ground of Truth and Justice is a great amusement and recreation to poor me. Besides, it gives me fresh vigor to replunge into Mendacity; and that's the thing that pays."

With this simple and satisfactory explanation he rolled away.

Leaving, for the present, matters not essential to this vein of incident, I jump to what occurred toward evening.

Just after dinner the servant who waited told Dr. Suaby that a man had walked all the way from Huntercombe to see Sir Charles Bassett.

"Poor fellow!" said Dr. Suaby, "I should like to see him. Would you mind receiving him here?"

"Oh no."

"On second thoughts, James, you had better light a candle in the next room—in case."

A heavy clatter was heard, and the burly figure of Moses Moss entered the room. Being bareheaded, he saluted the company by pulling his head, and it bobbed. He was a little dazzled by the lights at first, but soon distinguished Sir Charles, and his large countenance beamed with simple and affectionate satisfaction.

"How d'ye do, Moss?" said Sir Charles.

"Pretty well, thank ye, Sir, in my body, but uneasy in my mind. There be a trifle too many rogues afoot to please me. However, I told my mistress this morning, says I, 'Before I puts up with this here any longer, I must go over there and see him; for here's so many lies a cutting about,' says I, 'I'm fairly mazed.' So, if you please, Sir Charles, will you be so good as to tell me out of your own mouth, and then I shall know: be you crazy, Sir, or bain't you—ay or no?"

Suaby and Rolfe had much ado not to laugh right out; but Sir Charles said, gravely, he was not crazy. "Do I look crazy, Moss?"

"That ye doan't; you look twice the man you did. Why, your cheeks did use to be so pasty like; now you've got a color—but mayhap (casting an eye on the decanters) ye're flustered a bit wi' drink."

"No, no," said Rolfe, "we have not commenced our nightly debauch yet; only just done dinner."

"Then there goes another. This will be good news to home. Dall'd if I would not ha' come them there thirty miles on all-fours for't. But, Sir, if so be you are not crazy, please think about coming home, for things ain't as they should be in our parts. My lady she is away for her groaning, and partly for fear of this very Richard Bassett; and him and his lawyer they have put it about as you are dead in law; that is the word: and so the servants they don't know what to think; and the village folk are skeared with his clapping four brace on 'em in jail: and Joe and I, we wants to fight un, but my dame she is timorous, and won't let us, because of the laayer. And th' upshot is, this here Richard Bassett is master after a manner, and comes on the very lawn, and brings men with a pole measure, and uses the place as his'n mostly; but our Joe bides in the hall, with his gun, and swears he'll shoot him if he sets foot in the house. Joe says he have my lady's leave and license so to do, but not outside."

Sir Charles turned very red, and was breathless with indignation.

Dr. Suaby looked uneasy, and said, "Control yourself, Sir."

"I am not going to control *myself*," cried Rolfe, in a rage. "Don't you take it to heart, Sir Charles. It shall not last long."

"Ah!"

"Dr. Suaby, can you lend me a gig or a dog-cart, with a good horse?"

"Yes. I have got a WONDERFUL roadster, half Irish, half Norman."

"Then, Mr. Moss, to-morrow you and I go to Huntercombe: you shall show me this Bassett, and we will give him a pill."

"Meantime," said Dr. Suaby, "I take a leaf out of your Medicina laici, and prescribe a hearty supper, a quart of ale, and a comfortable bed to Mr. Moss. James, see him well taken care of. Poor man!" said he, when Moss had retired. "What simplicity! what good sense! what ignorance of the world! what feudality, if I may be allowed the expression."

Sir Charles was manifestly discomposed, and retired to bed early.

Rolfe drove off with Moss at eight o'clock, and was not seen again all day. Indeed, Sir Charles was just leaving Dr. Suaby's room when he came in, rather tired, and would not say a word till they gave him a cup of tea: then he brightened up and told his story.

"We went to the railway to meet Sharpe. The muff did not come nor send by the first train. His clerk arrived by the second. We went to Huntercombe village together, and on the road I gave him some special instructions. Richard Bassett not at home. We used a little bad language, and threw out a skirmisher—Moss, to wit—to find him. Moss discovered him on your lawn, planning a new arrangement of the flower beds, with Wheeler looking over the boundary wall.

"We went up to Bassett, and the clerk served his copy of the writ. He took it quite coolly; but when he saw at whose suit it was he turned pale. He recovered himself directly, though, and burst out laughing. 'Suit of Sir Charles Bassett. Why, he can't sue: he is civiliter mortuus: mad as a March hare: in confinement.'